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THE

# BEHÀRISTÀN-I-JÀMI

OR

# Abode of Spring,

BY

## JÀMI.

19424

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN

BY

SORABJI FARDUNJI MULLA, M.A.,

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To The Pious Memory

of

Mirza Hairat.

*The "Beharistan-i-Jami" translated by S. F. Mulla, M. A.*

* * * * *

"As to the way in which the translator has done his work, we have nothing but words of praise. It reflects no little credit on Mr. Mulla that he should have been able to make this English version of such a highly original and idiomatic work not only strictly faithful to the original but also very readable, and that he should have been able to diffuse into his translation the force and interest of the original. None but those conversant with the work of translating Persian classical writers can conceive of the difficulties, which Mr. Mulla must have met with and overcome. The same scholar's translation of the odes of Hafiz (301-350) has been praised by critics on account of its correctness, and this little book will add to its author's reputation and afford a sufficient answer to all those who, carried away by prejudices, are prone to undervalue the scholarship of Parsis in the field of of Persian Literature. Mr. Mulla is to be congratulated upon his successful attempt, and we shall be glad to see other Persian classical authors translated by him.

It should be added that the translation is rounded off by an introduction, giving some account of persian poetry, of the poet *Jami* and of *Sufism*, in all of which, though there is little that is new or very original, there is a good deal that is instructive and interesting."—*The Bombay Educational Record and Literary Journal.*

---

DECCAN COLLEGE, POONA.
*16th June, 1900.*

MY DEAR MULLA.

I have not been accustomed to write review of books for reasons not to be mentioned at present. However, as I discovered a germ of originality in your translation, which would have satisfied the most cynic critic, had you a correct edition of the original by you, I was led to address to you a letter of congratulation on the production.

* * * * *

Permit me to assure you, that I am always ready to serve every right—minded person, who, like yourself, endeavours to sustain the declining reputation of the Persian literature, on this side of India.

Wishing you full success,
I remain,
Sincerely yours,
(Sd.) SYED SIRAJUDIN MOULVI.

## મી૦ સોરાબજી ફરદુનજી મુલ્લાં એમ. એ. એ પ્રગટ કરેલા બહારેસતાને જામીના તરજુમા.

જમી ધરાનના હાલના નામીચા શાએરોનો એક ધણો જાણીતો અને માનીતો શાએર છે અને સમકેસલી કહે છે તેમ કેટલાકો તેને થું આગલા કે હાલના સરવ શાએરોમાં સરસ ગણે છે. આવા એક નામીચા શાએરનાં એક સુંદર નમુનેદાર લખાણ સાથ મી૦ મુલ્લાંએ ઉપલાં પુસ્તકમાં આપણને ઓળખાણ કરાવી છે. એલફીનસટન કાલેજના એક ફેલો તરીકે અને તયાર પછી તેના પુરવ તરફની ભાશાઓના એક મદદગાર "લેકચરર" તરીકે મી૦ મુલ્લાંએ પોતાના ચેલાઓની તેમજ પોતાની કાલેજના ઉસતાદોની પ્રસનતા મેળવી છે તે આપણે થોડાકજ દીવસ ઉપર જોયું છે કે જ્યારે પોતાના આ માનીતા શીક્ષકને તેવણના ચેલાઓએ પોતાના વડા ઉસતાદ પ્રીનસીપલ મેકમીલનને હાથે એક કીમતી ભેટ એનાયત કરી. જમીના એક જાણીતાં લખાણના થોડાક ભાગનો જે તરજુમો એવણે હાલ બાહેર પાડયો છે તે દેખાડે છે કે જો મી૦ મુલ્લાં આવાં અત્રે લગભગ ન ખેડાયલાં ખેતરમાં ખેતી કરવાની ચાલ રાખશે તો તેવણ ધરાની કવીઓની કવીતાના શોખીનો માટે ધણો ખોરાક પુરો પાડશે અને પોતાની નામના માટે પણ એક લાયક બાબદ હાથ ધરશે. * * *

મી૦ સોરાબ મુલ્લાંના આ પુસ્તકની ખુબી એ છે કે એવણે એ પુસ્તકનો ફકત તરજુમો નથી આપ્યો પણ ધણો કીમતી વાંચવા લાયક દીબાચો લખી ફારસી કવીતા બાબે અને તેમાં જણુાવવામાં આવતાં સુકીજમ વીગેરેના વીચારો બાબે ટુંક સમજ આપી છે. તે સમજણ એવણે વજનદાર લખનારાઓને આધારે સરસ રીતે આપી છે. * * * જેમ ઇંગ્રેજી કવીતાના વધારાની તવારીખમાં આપણે જોઇયે છીયે તેમ ફારસી કવીતાની તવારીખમાં મી૦ મુલ્લાંએ આપેલાં વરણનપરથી આપણે જોઇયે છીયે કે પેલી પીરદોશીને લાગુ પાડેલી કહેવત કે "મુરખી વગર મુરબો ન ખવાય" તે મુજબ ફારસી કવીતાને માથે મહમદ ગજનવી જેવા જુદા જુદા જમાનામાં જાહેર પડેલા મુરબ્બીઓનો છાયો ધણો શીતળ અને પુશટીકારક નીવડયો છે. મી૦ મુલ્લાં કહે છે કે મહમદ ગજનવીની દરબારમાં ૪૦૦ શાએરો હતા. તે પાદશાહ આટલા શાએરોનો મુરબ્બી થાય તેની દરબાર મેાં૦ મોટલ કહે છે તેમ Laveritable Academie એક વિદ્યા ઉતેજક મંડળ થઈ પડે તેમાં નવાઇ નહીં.

યુરોપમાં વિદ્યા એલમ હુનર સજીવન થયો તે Renaisance ની બાબત ઉપર મી૦ મુલ્લાં સતાદાર લખાણો તાંકી આરબોએ કરેલી અસર અને કામ બાબે બોલે છે. * * *

મી૦ મુલ્લાંના કીમતી દીબાચામાં આવા બીજા કેટલાક સવાલોનો ટુંકમાં જવાબ આપે છે. અમો એ ભણેલા ગ્રંથકરતાને તેવણની આ પહેલી કૃતેહમંદ કોશેશ માટે મુબારકબાદી આપીયે છીયે અને આશા રાખીયે છીયે કે પોતાનાં પુસ્તકનો બીજો ભાગ પ્રગટ કરી તેવણ બીજા ફારસી શાએરનાં લખાણોનો પણ અવારનવાર તરજુમો આના જેવી કીમતી નોંધો સાથે પ્રગટ કરે—**જામે જમશેદ** તા. ૧૨ મી એપ્રીલ ૧૯૦૦.

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THE

# BEHÀRISTÀN

-I-

# JÀMI.

*PART I.*

# PREFACE.

In attempting to present to the public in a readable form this English version of one of the most popular and widely circulated works of the "last classic poet" of Persia, I have met with considerable difficulty on account of the very terse and idiomatic style of the author and the diversity of the subjects treated therein. I have, however, done my best to adhere faithfully to the original text and to be as closely literal as I could be consistently with the propriety of English idiom and lucidity of style; and for the better comprehension of the book, I have written a short introduction, containing a rough sketch of the rise and growth of Persian poetry, an account of the life and writings of the author, together with prefatory remarks on each chapter. Explanatory notes are also appended, wherever necessary, to facilitate the work of the reader.

In order that the book may have that wide circulation which it deserves, I have exercised due precaution in expurgating all those passages and stories, which might in any way be offensive to the taste of the modern reader; and I fully trust that the value of the work is not impaired by such an eliminating process, as the passages or stories so expurgated are in no way necessary for a clear understanding of the text nor for any study of the poet's character.

No apology is needed to recommend the book to the reading public. It is a small store-house of oriental lore, and may well serve as a landmark in the history of oriental culture and civilization, pointing out as it does what progress the Persians had made in the arts of civilization, and how far they had advanced in government, temporal and spiritual, in science, philosophy and *belles lettres*.

S. F. M.

ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE,

*Bombay, 2nd November, 1899.*

# INTRODUCTION.

(*I*). *A short sketch of the Rise and Growth of Persian Poetry.*

The romantic character of the Persian mind has attributed a still more romantic origin to poetry in Persia. The celebrated Persian hero *Behràm Gur* was breathing love before his beloved and she breathed love in response. Their hearts met and their feelings were harmonious : so did their words meet and glow in rhyme.

It need, however, hardly be observed that verses in rhyme existed long before this in Persia. The celebrated *Gàthàs* of the *Zend Avestà*, the actual productions of Zoroaster himself, are songs full of poetic interest, and the date of these is put down as early as 1400 B. C. During the flourishing days of the old Persian Empire, many works are said to have been produced in the Pehlvi language, particularly under the *Sassanians*. At the time of the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, Persian literature, meagre as it was, was not spared by the ruthless conquerors, and everything that was of the *Magi* was either plundered, demolished or burnt. It is said that *Abdullàh Tàhir* caused to be burnt the old *Pehlvi* poetry of *Wàmiq* and *A'zrà*, saying : "We read the *Qoràn* and the traditions of the prophet : this book is a book of the *Magi*, therefore it is accursed." Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising if we have now in our possession little of the old Persian poetry of the Anti-Arab times.

After the conquest, Persian literature dwindled into insignificance and for some time sank in total obscurity. The Arabs were proud of their own language : they were proud of its sweetness, its richness and its variety. The Persian tongue they compared to the language of the mute, calling the Persian by the name of *A'jam*. The ancient poet *Abbàs*, when welcoming *Khalif Màmun's* triumphal entry into *Marv*, after the latter was helped by the Persians of *Khoràsàn* to mount a disputed throne, composed an ode in the *Persian* language, saying :

"No one has sung a poem of this kind : the Persian language has much to do yet to elevate itself to this dignity."

One effect of the Arab conquest was that Arabic literature and speech exercised a very powerful influence on the pure Persian language, which up to now remains full of an admixture of Arabic words and phrases.

From *Abbàs* may be said to commence a new and a more vital era of Persian poetry, (about 810 A. D.). *Abdullà Tàhir*, the general of *Màmun*, became the ruler of *Khoràsàn*, (820 A.D.). Though *Abbàs* had no immediate successors worthy of his name, yet Persian poetry had taken a new birth, and, with the decline of the power and influence of the *Khalifs*, the national spirit of Persia asserted itself once more in a more substantial and lasting form. *The Tàherides* were, in 872 A.D., overthrown by the celebrated *Yàqub Lais*, the founder of the *Saffarides*, who in turn were expelled by the *Sàmànides*, (900 A.D.). The rule of the *Sàmànides* may be said to be the golden age of Persian poetry, and has been immortalized by the august *Rudagi*, whose name stands pre-eminent not only in this epoch, but in the whole history of Persian poetry, as "the first poet, creator of Persian poetry, inimitable model of every species of it." *Rudagi* is regarded as "the first classic poet of Persia, who impressed upon every form of lyric and didactic poetry its peculiar stamp and individual character."

Contemporary with *Rudagi* are seen such great names as those of *Shahid* of *Balkh*, *Abul A'bbàs* and *Ravnaki* of *Bokhàrà*, *Nasr* of *Nishàpur*, *Abu Zarrah*, *Kisai*, &c., none of whom is mentioned by *Jàmi*. *Mansur I.* of the *Sàmànides* was the most distinguished patron of learning, and under the order of his son and successor *Nuh II.*, the great *Daqiqi*, by versifying the annals of the old Persian kings, cleared *Firdusi's* way for the composition of the great Persian Epic. The *Sàmànides* were succeeded by the great dynasty of *Ghazni*, and Persian poetry was fostered beyond all limits and attained a very high pitch under the patronage of the great conqueror *Mahomed Ghaznavi*. This King was constantly accompanied by a train of 400 poets, among whom stand the names of some of the greatest masters of Persian poetry, such as *Firdusi*, *A'nsari*, *A'sjadi* and *Farrakhi*.

But the great impulse which was thus given to poetry did not last for a very long time. Incessant internal strifes induced the Tartars and Moghuls to pounce down upon the disunited and weakened nation, and their most horrid ravages

created inconceivable disorder from which Persia took long to revive. During the next 150 years, though a few stray names of lyric poets are found here and there, there passed the darkest ages of Persian literature, till the descendants of the great *Taimur* once more restored peace to the empire and became great patrons of literature.

Such is a short narrative of the rise and growth of early Persian poetry, which I shall complete by giving a very short sketch of the more modern poetry.

As to *Epic* Poetry, *Firdusi* was not without his imitators, some of whom were very successful. The *Sikundar-nàmeh* of *Nizàmi*, the *Yusuf-o-Zulaikhàn* of *U'ma'q*, the *Taimur-nàmeh* of *Hàtifi* and many others are a sort of romantic narrative poems in imitation of *Firdusi's Shàh-nàmeh.*

*Panegyric* Poetry, which had naturally commenced in the court of *Mahomed Ghaznavi*, reached its perfection in the court of the great King *Sanjar* of the *Saljuk* dynasty, 1092-1157 A.D. These panegyrists are some of the greatest poets, and it may be said that few Persian poets died without having written panegyrics. *Adib Sàbir*, *Javhari* and *Watwàt* were the chief poets of this type, some of them excelling most in travesties and satires.

The domain of *Ghazal*, *Lyric* Poetry, has ever been the most fruitful field of poetic cultivation since the time of *Rudagi.* The *Ghazals* of *Hàfiz* stand unique. Some of the great *Ghazalists* are *Sa'di*, *Salamàn Sàwaji*, *Khujandi*, *Amir Shàhi*, *Kàsim-i-Anwar*, *Amir Hasan*, *Amir Khusraw*, *&c.*

As to *Dramatic* Poetry, there is very little that is of any interest or importance, excepting a very tragic drama depicting the events connected with the death of *A'li* and his two sons, a drama which is even in the present day acted on the stage in Persia, under the name of *Tazieh*, though in a very crude style. Benjamin gives a very animated account of this in his "Persia and the Persians."

In conclusion it may be noted that *Jàmi* is styled the "last classic poet of Persia," and, as a matter of fact, the Persian poetic muse may be said to have been in a drowsy condition during the last three centuries. It is true that a considerable amount of poetry has been produced during this period, but the poems are of little intrinsic worth, and more or less fall

under the category of ephemeral literature. It seemed that the late Professor of Persian at the Elphinstone College, *Shams-ul-U'lamà Mirzà Hairat*, had some germs of classic genius in him, and they did not remain uncultivated ; but unfortunately for us, the deceased set perhaps too high an ideal before him, and, never being satisfied with his productions, at last burnt them in a very unhappy moment. Those anxious to know what they were seldom had an opportunity of reading them and they passed away almost unknown except to their author. The bud had blossomed and the full-grown flower would have been sweet and fragrant, having grown under his care and art. But the gardener's ideal was too high : nothing was to *him* perfect. He blushed at the productions of his imperfect art, and was so diffident that he allowed none to approach and enjoy its sweet fragrance.

*(II). Some Characteristics of Persian Poetry.*

" No poetry has ever been more peculiarly national than that of Persia : none has ever fixed a deeper or a more lasting hold on the people's love. It is now some three centuries since her lyre has been silent, yet the people of Persia still treasure with peculiar fondness the memory of their past poets. All classes in Persia are remarkable for their enthusiastic susceptibility to the emotions of poetry, and in no modern nation is poetic sympathy more widely diffused.

"This poetic temperament has exercised a powerful influence on all the various departments of Persian literature: all things are viewed through an imaginative medium, which throws its own hues on every object. History, morals, philosophy are all treated in a vague and exaggerated style, which only conceals the writer's ignorance without removing our own. * * * Yet this poetic temperament, however obtrusive and wearisome, is peculiarly attractive in its own sphere. Persian poetry, as we see it in its highest efforts, possesses a peculiar charm, not more from the novelty of its image than the warm atmosphere of poetic feeling, which bathes it as with a tropical glow. The poet projects himself everywhere : nature and life present themselves to his view, deeply coloured by his present emotions, while he sings. Hence the higher Persian poetry is rarely descriptive."

The peculiar feature of Persian poetry, its distinguishing charm, is the mystical tone which universally pervades it. 'The very essence of Sufism is poetry. And as ordinary langu-

age is only framed to convey the *daily* wants and impressions of mankind, the *higher* experiences of the soul can only be represented by symbols and metaphors. Hence the Sufi poets adopt a form of expression, which, to the uninitiated, can convey no such depth of meaning. Under the veil of an earthly passion and the woes of a temporal separation, they disguise the dark riddle of human life, and under the joys of revelry and intoxication they figure mystical transports and divine ecstacies.' Among the foremost *Sufi* poets may be named *Hakim Sanài*, *Mawlànà Rumi*, *A'ttàr*, *Jàmi* and many others of lesser renown.

## (III). *The Life and Writings of Jàmi.*

*Jàmi*, the son of *Mawlànà Nizàm-ud-din Ahmed*, was born in *Jàm*, a small town near *Heràt*, the capital of *Khoràsàn* in the east of Persia, in the year 1414 A.D. *Jàmi* is the poetic name (*takhallus*) of *Nur-ud-din Abdur Rahmàn*, the *takhallus Jàmi* being adopted from the author's place of birth *Jàm*. He flourished in the reigns of *Sultàn Abu Said Mirzà*, and ofhis successor, the celebrated *Sultàn Hussain Mirzà*, descendants of the great *Taimur*. He was a contemperary of the great biographer *Dawlat Shàh*, who has recorded his life in his celebrated *Tazkiràt-i-Dawlat Shàhi*. It is there mentioned that *Jàmi* commenced his life by the study of the liberal sciences and in time became one of the most ardent students of Sufism. He is said to be a most perfect master of the Persian language, almost without an equal in ancient or modern times, and so extensive was his learning that it won him unbounded praises even from the most learned. He was by nature a very polite and generous man, and his charming manners are said to have attracted towards him admiring crowds of poets, noblemen and princes. He was the desciple of the famous *Sa'duddin*, after whose death he became the *Shaikhul Asläm*, and became more and more attached to metaphysics and mysticism. He died in the year 1492 A.D.

The times in which our author flourished were halcyon days for Persian writers. The reigning sovereign *Sultàn Hussain Mirzà* (1469-1506 A.D.), a descendant of the great *Taimur*, was himself a literary man, and his court was the rendezvous of great literary men. *Jàmi* mentions him in his introduction and pays him a just tribute, though the comparison with *Sà'd bin Zangi* is odious as most such comparisons are, and not at all to our taste. *Amir Ali Sher*, the minister of *Hussain*, was, like the king, a great patron of literary men and a great

admirer of *Jàmi*, who dedicated to him one of his works, *Nafahàt-al-Ins*, an abridged translation from an Arabic work containing lives of saints. The great *Kàshafi* and *Khand-Mir* were his other contemporaries.

The works of *Jàmi* combine "the moral tone of *Sa'di*, with the lofty aspirations of *Mawlànà Rumi*, and the graceful ease of *Hàfiz's* style with the deep pathos of *Nizàmi*." His *Haft Aurang* is a collection of romances, one of which, *Salamàn wa Absàl*, is regarded as the most characteristic of Sufi poems. The poet there sets forth the delights of divine love as compared with the several enjoyments of ordinary human life. His other works are *Sikundar-Nàmeh, Usuf and Zulaikhán, Behàristàn, Khurshid and Màh*, &c.

### (*IV*). *The Behàristàn.*

This book is written, as the author says in his introduction, in imitation of Sa'di's matchless *Gulistàn*. *Jàmi* has a son, whom he wants to instruct. He is a young boy yet, and the father does not like his young son to commence with a highly-finished laborious work full of idioms and figurative expressions. The author's object is then to instruct without tiring the pupil or burdening his mind. The style of the *Behàristàn* is thus very simple and elegant. The book is conspicuous for the beauty and simplicity of its style, and from this point of view it may be said to hold in Persian literature the rank, which the works of Addison, Swift and Goldsmith hold in English. There are nowhere to be found in this book those so-called embellishing factors of Persian composition,—those crude and hacknied similes and metaphors, hyperbolical expressions, sentences more rhythmical than sensible, and those other features of the Persian style which are so novel, and often-times clumsy to the modern refined ear. The book is full of apologues and anecdotes adapted to the instruction of young minds, and may be put in the class of books on ethics with the famous *Akhlàq-i-Mohsini*. The moral of every story is strung into verses, and the admixture of prose and verse renders it more interesting and instructive, verses being more impressive and naturally easier to remember.

In the following few pages of the Introduction I have taken a short review of each chapter, and commented thereon more by way of explanation than criticism.

## (*V*). *The First Garden.*

The first garden treats of saints and sufis. I give below a few of the fundamental doctrines and beliefs of this class of men, as a thorough knowledge of these is essential for the better understanding of this chapter.

Pantheism, under different names and forms, has exercised a predominant influence over nearly all the great religions of the world. Among the Mahomedans it took the form of Sufism, among the Christians, of Pantheism and among the Aryans, of Vedantism. "The Sufis themselves admit that their religious system has always existed in the world, prior to the mission of Mahomed, and the unprejudiced student of their system will observe that Sufism is but a Muslim adaptation of the Vedanta school of Hindu philosophers, and which also we find in the writings of the old academics of Greece, and Sir William Jones thought Plato learned from the sages of the East."

The word *Sufi* is derived from *suf*, meaning wool, coarse woollen garments being the general habit of the Sufis. This is the generally accepted etymology, though some derive the term from *sâf*, meaning pure, while others go to the Greek word *sophoi*, meaning wise men. Some are inclined to think that sufism existed in a rough form, even before the propagation of the Mahomedan religion, among the Arab tribes, *sufah* being the name of an Arab tribe. The so-called Sufis then were those Arabs, who left the world, and devoted themselves solely to the worship of idols.

The Sufi doctrine teaches that there are four stages through which man must pass before he can reach the highest, or that of divine beatitude, when, "his corporeal veil will be removed, and his emancipated soul will mix again with the glorious essence, from which it had been separated, but not divided." The first of these stages is that of humanity (*sharia't*), which supposes the disciple to live in obedience to the holy law, and observance of all the rites, customs and precepts of the established religion. The second stage is termed *tariqat* or road. This stage cannot be attained without great piety, virtue and fortitude. The observance of religious forms and ceremonies is no longer necessary, as to pass from the first to the second state is to exchange practical for spiritual worship. The third stage is that of *ma'rafat* or knowledge; and the disciple who arrives at it is deemed to have attained supernatural knowledge,

or in other words, to be inspired ; and he is supposed, when he reaches this state, to be equal to the angels. The fourth and last stage is that which denotes his arrival at *haqiqat* or truth, which implies his complete *wasl* or union with the Divinity."

"The aim of the Sufis was to free the mind from earthly considerations, to purify it from all passions, to leave it only God as an object of meditation. The highest truths were not to be reached by study, but by *transport*—by a transformation of the soul during *ecstacy*. There is the same difference between this higher order of truth and ordinary science, as between being healthy and knowing the definition of health. To reach this state it was necessary first to purify the soul from all earthly desires, to extirpate from it all attachment to the world, and humbly direct the thougths to our eternal home."

"The Sufis represent themselves as entirely devoted to the search of truth, and as incessantly occupied in the adoration of the Almighty, an union with whom they desire with all the ardour of divine love. The great Creator is, according to their belief, diffused over all his creation. He exists everywhere, and in everything. They compare the emanations of his divine essence, or spirit, to the rays of the sun, which are, they conceive, continually darted forth, and reabsorbed. It is for this reabsorption in the divine essence, to which their immortal part belongs, that they continually sigh. They believe that the soul of man, and that the principle of life, which exists throughout all nature, is not from God, but of God ; and hence those doctrines, which their adversaries have held to be the most profane, as they were calculated to establish a degree of equality of nature between the created and the Creator."

"The chief characteristic of the Sufis seems to be pantheism, borrowed in all likelihood from India. Essentially their belief appears to lie in the endeavour to spiritualize everything, and to consider all material objects as simply symbols of the ideal or spiritual, which is the only reality,—the individual being actully part of the universal, spiritual entity, and immortality or the life after this, an absorption into the Omnipresent Unity."

"The Sufis glory in poverty, and declare that it is the state ordered for them. The Prophet himself has said : I glory in poverty. They decline all human affections, or submit to them as advisable escapes only—appearances of loving obliga-

tions, which are assumed for convenient acceptance, or for passing in a world which is composed of them, or of their supposal. They are most simple and deferential in their exterior; and yet the self-value which fills their hearts ceases its self-glorying expansions only with the boundless skies. They make no movement towards fame, because they abnegate and disdain it."

"It has been truly observed that the greatest objection to Sufism is, that it is in itself no religion; wherever it prevails, it unsettles the existing belief; but it substitutes no other of a defined or intelligible nature. The Sufi teacher does not deny the mission of Mahomed; but while he instructs his disciples to consider the prophet and his successors as persons who have been used as instruments for preserving the order and good government of the world, he boasts a direct and familiar intercourse with the Diety; and claims, on that ground, their entire confidence and obedience in all that regards their spiritual interests."

Sufism appears to have existed in Persia, under one form or another, for nearly two thousand years. There are thousands of Sufis in that kingdom at the present time, even among the *mullàs* or priesthood. They are divided into innumerable sects, giving rise to numerous religious orders of *dervishes* or *faqirs*. One fundamental division of these is between the *ilhàmiyah*, that is, the inspired, and the *ittahàdiyah*, that is the united.

Human life is compared to a journey (*safar*), and the seeker after God to a traveller (*sàlik*). The Sufi disciple is, in the first place, in the state of *nàsut*, that is, humanity or the natural state of every human being. From humanity, the disciple passes to *malakut*, the nature of angels: then to *jabrat*, the possession of power: and lastly to *fanà*, self-annihilation into the Deity. The Sufi doctrine of *fanà* is that man is first to annihilate himself into the *shaikh*, then into the *rasul*, and then into *Allàh*.

*Wajd* among the Sufis is the ecstatic state, a sure sign of communion with the Deity, an illumination of the heart. *Jazab* is divine attraction. If *devotion* is first practised and then comes *attraction*, the disciple is called *Sàlik-i-majzub*; but if the disciple is attracted without having practised devotion, he is called *Majzub-i-sàlik*.

It is one of the firmest convictions of the Sufi that everything is predestined by the Almighty and attraction by the Deity depends simply on His will, and never upon the piety or impiety

of the disciple. *Vide* Chapter I, Stories 11 and 12. God is the prime mover of all human actions, and as long as man is in this world, he is a total ignoramus. Not only does he not know whether a particular action is really good or bad, but he cannot even say whether any action at all *really* constitutes a sin.

The Doctrine of Resignation *(tavakkul)* follows as a corollary from that of Predestination. If man cannot and does not know which particular action is really good and which one really bad, and moreover, when man has no control whatever over his actions, it is best to resign oneself to the will of God and not be in the least careful or uneasy about one's action. *Vide* Chapter I., Story 23.

Another Sufi conception is that God is to be loved for God's sake only. It is true that this world is not worth having, but so too is the other world to the Sufi with all the attractions of heaven. If you long to go to heaven, that is but a very selfish idea, and your prayers will be tainted with selfishness, because you would then love God only out of self-interest and necessity to make clear your way to heaven. The true Sufi never cares for this world, nor even for the happiness of the next, and loves God for love's own sake and not for the sake of attaining heaven. Union with God is the thing to be desired and before it even the bliss of heaven sinks into insignificance. *Vide* Chapter I., Stories 6 and 14.

In the opening of the first chapter, the author puts forth very forcibly and in a few sentences the utility of knowing the histories and maxims of great Sufis. They tend, he says, to drive away evil spirits from your heart. God himself acknowledged this, when he related to his prophet the maxims of saints: and finally, acquaintance with a saint, or acquaintance with any of his maxims saves you from eternal torments.

The author then proceeds to relate some stories and anecdotes of the greatest masters of Sufism, and thereby illustrates some Sufistic truths, and inculcates some moral lessons, in a way at once concise and lucid. In Story 11 we learn what sort of contemplation is required of the disciple, and how he is to keep himself aloof form every thing that is earthly. He is, again, to reveal his secrets under no circumstance, for any such revelation exposes the Sufi to the greatest troubles, as happened to the

great Sufi *Hallàj*. Then follows a series of short interesting stories, wherein the author tries to inculcate various moral precepts, preached by sages of all times. Always forgive and never act in such a manner as may force you to ask forgiveness. Contentment is the best sauce for every poor man. Rely not upon the rich, because thereby you are likely to forget that God is your patron. Humility is the entrance to all virtues: egotism to all vices. Avarice is disappointment in a different guise. Such are the precepts which the author impresses on the mind of his young son, and most of them are in no way peculiar to the Sufi; though the fact that they have proceeded from some of the greatest masters of theology gives them additional weight and veneration, which they truly deserve.

To me this chapter appears decidedly superior to a similar one in the *Gulistàn*. The stories here are short, sweet and instructive, and this mode of treatment compares very favourably with that followed by *Sa'di*.

### *(VI). The Second Garden.*

"The Arabs furnish a striking illustration of the succession of phases of national life. They first come before us as fetich worshippers, having their age of credulity, their object of superstition being the black stone in the temple of Mecca. They pass through an age of inquiry, rendering possible the advent of Mahomed; then follows their age of faith, the blind fanaticism of which quickly led them to overspread all adjoining countries; and at last comes their period of maturity, their age of reason. The striking feature of their movement is the quickness with which they passed through these successive phases and the intensity of their national life"

"They (the *Khalifs*) very soon became distinguished patrons of learning. It has been said that they overran the domains of science as quickly as they overran the realms of their neighbours. Cultivators of mathematics, astronomy, medicine and general literature abounded in the court of *Al-mansur*, who invited all philosophers, offering them his protection, whatever their religious opinions might be."

"The whole philosophy of the Arabians was only a form of Aristotelianism, tempered more or less with Neo-platonic conceptions. The medical and physical science of the Greeks and Greek philosophy became known to the Arabs especially under

the rule of the *A'bbâsides* from 750 A. D. on, when medical and philosophical works were translated from Greek into Syriac and Arabic." The works of Aristotle on natural science were studied by the Arabs with especial zeal, and they became acquainted with his writings through the agency of Syrian Christians. Grecian thought was introduced into Islam, and *Bagdâd* became the chief school of such philosophy. The great *Khalif Mamun* encouraged translations from the original into Arabic, in which work the Syrian Christians and the Magi took an active part.

"In philosophy the attainments of the Arabs have been overrated rather than depreciated. As middle-men or transmitters, their importance can scarcely be too highly estimated. They were keen students of Aristotle, when the very language in which he wrote was unknown to Roman Christians. In reviewing the labours of the Arabians, we are struck with the facts that they were all men of high family, holding important position; they were all surprisingly voluminous; they were all Aristotelians; they were all given more or less to science, especially to medicine. Nevertheless, in spite of their advantage of position, they left science very much as they found it, and cannot be said to have advanced philosophy. No germinal discoveries in science are due to them. They improved instruments: they collected facts: they kept alive the sacred fire. But their labours were frustrated by their method; and the only advantages the world received from them were the preservation of of what Grecian thought had achieved, and the scepticism which they impressed on European thought. In astronomy, in chemistry, in medicine, the Arabs made some subordinate improvements, largely enriching the store of observed facts, but they dicovered no laws, they originated none of germinal conceptions, which act as impulses and regulators to research."

"The debt which Europe owes to the Arabs for their preservation of Greek writings, and the stimulus impressed upon European curiosity by the ardour of their veneration, without which stimulus the Renaissance might never have come to pass, has long been recognized and perhaps exaggerated. Another and less questionable debt is due to them for the ardour with which they prosecuted mathematical, astronomical, medical and chemical studies. There are writers who question that influence and who affirm that the Revival of Learning would have brought the Greek thinkers into the course of European evolution disengaged from the Arabian apprehension. But it

seems to me [Lewes: History of Philosophy] that the intellectual condition of Europe at the close of the 12th century was fast relapsing under despotism, which would have prevented the influence of Greek thought from taking effect unless some other concurrent causes had been at work. It is quite true that the authority of Aristotle was never wholly lost, even during the darkest of the dark ages. But we must guard against exaggeration on this subject. It is misleading to assert, without qualification, that culture was never entirely lost, because a few monasteries preserved a few works of Greek and Latin writers which no one read."

Regarding the second chapter, we find the author propounding no philosophical system, nor advocating or criticising any. He only wants to impress on the mind of his young son some of those common maxims of prudence, which a man of the world ought to know, and without which it would be hard to begin a successful life. Knowledge must be accompanied with practice, and religious knowledge is the first thing to be acquired, as, without it, life would be a sin. Then comes the long story of Alexander, who learns from the philosopher that man's worth lies not in his beautiful externals. It is not the scabbard but the sword which does the work; so it is the inner soul, not the outward appearance, that constitutes man's nobility and beauty. Then follow various interesting stories, illustrating the evils of greed, envy, oppression, excess in eating and drinking, egotism, pride &c., which need no explanation. On the whole, the author fails to give, in this chapter, that pleasure and satisfaction, which we get by reading some of the stories of the eighth chapter of the *Gulistàn*. The maxims that he illustrates are too trite and common-place, and the language itself has not the richness and rhythm of the author of the *Gulistàn*.

### (*VII*). *The Third Garden.*

The third chapter is a very interesting one, inasmuch as it gives us many a happy glimpse into the inner life and character of some of the great rulers of men. It must here be observed that, in spite of all harsh and adverse criticisms regarding the justice and humanity of the Mahomedan rulers of Persia, if any person is inclined to go minutely through their histories, he will find that they differ very little from many European monarchs, who, in their days, were as absolute and un-

restrained by any democratical fetters. Human nature is generally found almost the same all over the world at the *corresponding* epochs of history under *similar* circumstances. Much of the tyranny of Mahomedan kings arose more from their religious bigotry than from their personal caprices, and this is what has happened in the case of many European sovereigns also. It would be out of place here to ascertain whether the subjects of Mahomedan kings were happy or not, for the question will turn more upon the different notions of happiness than upon any other fact. The Mahomedan conception of a king is that the king is the 'Shadow of God extended upon this earth.' The king is not thus a mere deputy appointed by divine authority, but something more nearly connected with God, whose shadow he is. From the earliest times, the rather submissive oriental mind was imbued with such ideas of monarchy, and was beyond all cure habituated to every sort of regal servitude. Again, the *Khalif* was not a mere temporal ruler: he was supposed to succeed *Mahomed* not only in his temporal but also in his prophetic kingdom,—a circumstance which led to much enhanced respect and obedience on the part of the subjects. If the *Khalif* was a tyrant, it was because the subjects were disobedient and sinful. The character and actions of the king are determined by those of his subjects. Not only that, but if the *Khalif* is a tyrant, it is because God has wished to punish the people on account of their sinful mode of life. This is what the tyrant *Hajjàj* said to his people when they complained before him of his tyranny.

The author begins this chapter with one of the most celebrated names in oriental history, a name that has become synonymous with everything that is just and equitable, the name of the great Persian king *Nawshirwàn*. It is profane to utter this name without calling forth God's blessing and benediction thereon, and the founder of the Mahomedan religion himself actually gloried in the circumstance that he was born in the reign of a just king. Then follow stories, wherein some moral lesson is preached to the king or the courtier. The king should be well-informed of the condition of the subjects and the army, otherwise he can never inspire any awe in them, and the king's courtier is bound to anticipate dismissal and disgrace, a circumstance which ought to make him kind and considerate when he is enjoying the king's favour. The chapter, though very short, is interesting to read, and to me it appears that in point of novelty and interest, it is much better than the first chapter of *Sa'di's Gulistàn*. Looking to the quality of the matter, one

might well have wished to see the subject more fully treated by the author.

### (*VIII*). *The Fourth Garden.*

One of the most prominent features of the Arab character is a very keen and exalted sense of hospitality. "A stranger's arrival is often the occasion of an amicable dispute among the wealthier inhabitants as to who shall have the privilege of receiving him; and though three days are often popularly spoken of as the limit of such entertainment, practice sets no precise bounds to its length; and an Arab host always carefully abstains from putting any question to his guest as to when he is going or where. Indeed if the guest be descreet and acceptable in his manners, he will soon find himself on the footing of one of the family; and even the women of the house will come in to sit and converse with him not less freely than they would with their own relations."

The eighth story is only one of the many historical facts which go to prove to what extent the hospitality of the Arabs extended. The names of *Hàtem* and *Ma'n Záhed* are proverbial among the Mahomedans for charity, and some of the stories of these men and especially of the former, are as pathetic as they are interesting, showing us to what degree of nobility and self-sacrifice the human mind can rise, even among a race notorious for its plundering habits and for an unfailing spirit of revenge. It must also be noted that the Arabs of our time have in no way degenerated from their former reputation, a fact which seems to have been proved by the personal experience of many an inquisitive European traveller.

Another thing to be noted is that the hospitality of the Arabs was not confined to the human species alone, but extended to the lower animals also. A deer taking refuge in the hut of an Arab was as safe as any other human *protegée*; and there is a story that one of these hospitable Arabs refused to betray a deer, that had taken shelter under him, even to the great king *Behràm Gur*.

"The character of the (modern) Persian is that of an easy-going man. He is hospitable, obliging and specially well-disposed to the foreigner. To the poor, the Persians are unostentatiously generous; most of the rich have regular pensioners old servants or poor relations, who live on their bounty; and

though there are no work-houses, there are in ordinary times no deaths from starvation, and charity, though not organized, is general."

The Arabs are said to be accomplished in three things: oratory, expertness in the use of arms and horsemanship, and hospitality. "Hospitality was so habitual to them and so much esteemed that the examples of this kind among them exceed whatever can be produced from other nations."

### (IX). *The Seventh Garden.**

The author begins by giving the definition of poetry. According to the definition of the ancients, poetry is the mere offspring of imagination, and the requisites of metre and rhyme are of later growth. It is a remarkable feature to note that the ancient definition comes nearer to the present accepted definition of poetry, which regards rhyme as something artificial and only an accident of poetry. It must be noted that Persian poetry has never been written in blank verse, and rhyme and metre are regarded as the life and soul of it.

Then comes in a very elaborate sentence intended to justify and glorify the creators of verse. The *Qorán* itself is poetry, but not poetry of the ordinary sort. It is divine poetry inimitable and not imitated by even the greatest poets. After this comes an enumeration of thirty-seven great poets, with short biographical sketches and still shorter selections from the works of each. The list of poets enumerated by the author, though by no means exhaustive, includes some of the most celebrated names in Persian poetry. The chapter no doubt has been a very useful piece of contribution to the biographical literature of Persia, and contains a large number of interesting sketches and anecdotes. But so far as intrinsic criticism goes, there is as much of it in this chapter as in any other history of poets. Excepting a few staple remarks, the author has little to say about the nature and characteristics of any poet, and the chapter is a mere collection of selections made from various poets, which selections too are not the most discriminate nor always the happiest. Persia has never possessed a genuine literary critic, and in fact the Persians knew no such thing as the art of criticism.

* For general remarks on Persian poetry, *vide* Introduction (I) & (II).

## *Author's Introduction.*

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

When the bird of *amr zibàlin* does not commence its flight with the vigour of Praise, it sheds its plumage without reaching its destination, and falls down in such a (miserable) way that it rises no more. [*Note.* The soarings of a powerful imagination even cannot be sustained without the invocation of divine help. The lines refer to the following tradition: *Kulloamrin zibàlin làyubdao feehà bismillàhe fahoowà abtarun*, that is, every work, which an intelligent man does not commence in the name of God, is worse done.]

The tongues of the birds of the vernal abode of Love and Sincerity chant perpetually, from the pulpits of the branches of Bounty and Obligation, thousands of hymns of Praise and Eulogy with charming voices and sweet tunes, and convey them in the course of months and years to the ears of holy congregations (i.e., angels) and the superintendents of the aspects of mankind (i.e., saints and guardian-spirits),

So that, before the Creator—to whom the garden of the sphere is but one petal in the rose-garden of his Art—the tray may be full of oblations from the gems of prayers, for the singers of his praise.

And a thousand songs of greeting and congratulation proceed from the throat of the nightingales of the garden of the Unity of Existence, that is, from the musicians of the assembly of witnesses, and the songsters of the mansion of pleasure of the Ecstacy of Existence.

To the rose of the Garden of Messengership, before whose face the rose of this garden is but a petal, the birds have no lesson (example) from the leaves of the garden excepting the qualities of his Beauty. [*Note. Shahad* and *Kashf* are two classes of saints. *Ablàg* and *Jamàl* are descriptive of the prophet's praises.]

After these premises, it is represented that at this agreeable time, my dear child *Ziàyuddin Usuf* has engaged himself in learning the rudiments of the Arabic speech, and gathering the principles of the arts of etiquette. And it is not unknown that to raw children and unexperienced boys, dread sits in their heart and gloom sits on their mind if we teach them idiomatic expressions, with which their natures are unacquainted and with which their ears are not familiar; so, (allowing) for the delicacy of his

head and for whetting his mind, often a few lines were read from the august book of *Gulistàn* of the famous *Shaikh* and the great master *Mosallah-ud-din Sa'di-i-Shiràzi*,—the mercy of the Highest God be upon him and may God be pleased with him,—

It is not a *gulistàn* (i.e., a rose-garden) but a garden of paradise, the thorns and rubbish whereof are of the nature of ambergris. [*Note.* It is incorrect to read the first word of this line as *nuh*, meaning nine.] The chapters thereof are the gates of heaven, and the graceful stories therein are as sweet and copious as *Kawsars*. The sallies of wit hidden behind the veil excite the jealousy of delicate *Huris* (on account of their beauty and delicacy). Its heart-attracting verses are lofty trees watered by the pleasant moisture of the rivers below (i.e., the rivers of paradise).

In the meantime, it occurred to my mind to compose a few pages in that diction and a small tract in that style in imitation of his noble prose and in likeness of his sweet poetry, so that to those present it may serve as a story, and to those absent it may be an offering from a distance.

When this purpose was accomplished and this circumstance was completed,

I asked my intellect how to adorn this my new bride, so that in the eye of those who court her, her elegance and beauty may be enhanced. It replied: (adorn her with) pearls of panegyric of the successful sovereign, the aid of the world, honoured of religion, the asylum of the east and west,—the star of the constellation of glory, the jewel of the casket of exaltation, the lamp of (every) assembly, of the family of *Taimur Khán, Sultàn Hussain*! Of the power of heaven, to look at whom with an eye of sympathy is as obligatory on the eye as is at the sun of the dusty atoms of the world! Religious,—all the needs of the people guaranteed to be fulfilled by his liberality: his liberality little likes the disgrace of indebtedness (for the protection it affords).

Though ere this was completed the *Gulistàn* by *Sa'di* in the name of *Sa'd-bin Zangi*, my *Behàristàn* has got its name from one, whose slave *Sa'd-bin Zangi* ought to be.

Stroll in this abode of spring, so that you may see rose-gardens therein; in each rose-garden, roses growing, and aromatic herbs blossoming, with gracefulness.

The *Behàristàn* has been arranged in eight gardens, every one garden like paradise, comprising anemones of various hues and fragrant herbs of various odours: neither the anemones thereof wither away from the blasting devastation of autumn, nor

the aromatic herbs freeze (and die) owing to the attack of frost.

Meadows blossom forth on its sides, and tulip-beds bloom in its vicinity: from night-dew the tulip had (drops of) perspiration (hanging) down the eartips, and from rain the buds had wine in their cups. The narcissus makes a sign to drink wine: 'pardon my sins and I shall live.' [*Note.* This last line is a quotation from the *Qoràn.*] I fear that, on account of its graceful blandishments, it makes wine lawful to the abstainers therefrom. [*Note.* The scene is so attractive, that if a pious man cannot resist the temptation that it offers for drinking wine, he is to be excused.]

One request to the promenaders of these gardens,—which are without the thorn of any studied animadversion and without the rubbish of (any) search of selfish aims,—that when they pass through them with the steps of magnanimity and look at them with an eye of esteem, they should with good wishes remember, and with panegyric please, the gardener thereof, who has drunk the blood of his own liver (i.e., undergone immense exertions) in (planting and) arranging them, and brought his sweet life on to his lips (i.e., laboured restlessly and enormously) in their soils.

For everyone of those fortunate persons who sits under the shade of, or plucks any fruit from, these blooming trees, it is better that he should practise the principle of thanks-givings, travel the path of generosity, and adopt the canon of prayers, saying: O God! May humble *Jàmi*, who planted this garden, sit always full of God and empty of his own self (i.e., may his only object of contemplation be God and God alone)! May he not run except on His road! May he not seek anything but His union! May he not speak anything but His name! May he not see anything but His face!

*Notes on Author's Introduction.*

In the first few lines of his introduction, the author, after the usual style of Mahomedan writers, invokes divine help, and then says a few words in praise of God and his prophet.

*Bahesht.*—This word seems to be a corruption of the Zend word *Vahishta*, meaning best. The word *Jannat* from *jann*, concealed, literally means something concealed; hence paradise, which is concealed by means of flowers and fragrant herbage. The *Qoràn* gives fascinating accounts of the pleasures to be enjoyed in heaven. These pleasures are so many that each faithful will be given the strength of a hundred men to enjoy them fully.

"God hath rewarded their constancy with paradise, and silken robes reclining therein on bridal couches; naught shall they know of sun or piercing cold: its shades shall close over them and low shall its fruits hang down, and vessels of silver and goblets like flagons shall be borne round among them; flagons of silver whose measure themselves shall mete. And there shall they be given to drink of the cup tempered with *zanjàbil* (ginger) from the fount therein, whose name is *Salsabil*. Blooming youths go round among them. When thou lookest at them, thou wouldst deem them scattered pearls; and when thou seest this, thou wilt see delights and a vast kingdom; their clothing, green silk robes and rich brocade: with silver bracelets shall they be adorned; and drink of a pure beverage shall their Lord give them. This shall be your recompense."

There is a tree called *Tubà* in paradise, the trunk of which is situated in the prophet's house, while the branches reach the house of each of the faithful; and these branches instantaneously yield everything that is wanted, flowers, fruits, drinks, &c., and will sing and dance if commanded to do so. Besides these there are the *Huris* or fairies of paradise. They are large and black-eyed beautiful damsels, called *Hur-al-a'in*, whose company will be the chief source of enjoyment to the faithful. These damsels are created of pure musk, free from all the impurities and infirmities of mortal women, and live in pavilions of hollow pearls.

"Therein are rivers of water (*Rahik*) which corrupt not: rivers of milk (*Tasnim*) whose taste changeth not: and rivers of wine (*Kawsar*) delicious to those who quaff it; and rivers of clarified honey (*Salsabil*)." The banks of these rivers are of gold and the sand is all pearly.

*Kawsar* is the river from which all other rivers are supposed to derive their source. "It is a river which God has given me in paradise, its water is whiter than milk and sweeter than honey, and on its water are birds whose necks are like the necks of camels"

# THE FIRST GARDEN.

*On the Strewing of Fragrant Herbs, culled from the Gardens of the Far-sighted of the Path of Salvation and of the Pre-eminent Occupants of the Tribunals of Saintship.*

[*Note.*—Before reading this chapter the student is advised to go carefully through Introduction ( V ).]

The Lord of the circle (of *Sufis*) *Junaid*,—may his tomb be sanctified, says: The maxims of the learned in science and divinity are a strong armament of the forces of God the Most High in the Kingdom of every heart, inasmuch as by them are put to flight the clouds of (evil) designs with the enemies of (*i.e.*, namely) lust and passion.

When the attack of lust and passion, which are of the army of Satan, becomes close upon the heart of the God-worshipping man, what else except the armies of the maxims of the *Sufis* has the power to overthrow those robbers ?

God the Highest (thus) addresses his prophet,—may the peace and salutation of God be upon him : I narrate to you the stories of the prophets, so that I may thereby render vigorous your intellect.

When with a sincere intention you create an image in your mind, put life into it by blowing therein the clarion of the spirit of the divine (*i e*, infusing their noble spirit therein); and if your mind convulses on account of the impulses of nature, purify (and enlighten) it by the gloss of the maxims of great men. [*Note.*—The first line alludes to one of the miracles of Jesus, that of reviving dead bodies by blowing his spirit therein.]

The *Pir of Herât* has (thus) advised his intimates: Remember some maxims of all *Pirs*, and if you cannot do this, (at least) remember their names, so that you may be benefited (thereby). [ lit., you may have a quota (of their goodness and good fortune).]

He you are from whose name doth radiate all love, and from whose history and epistle streameth forth love. Every one who passes by your lane becomes a lover; verily love floweth down from your door and terrace.

It is a tradition that God the Most High on the morning of resurrection asks the slave, (who is) ashamed of his poverty and destitution, (*i.e.*, the sinful slave who brings with him no stock of piety) : Did you know such and such a scholar or divine in such and such a street ? The slave answers : Yes,

I did know him. Then God proclaims : I pardon you for him. [*Note.*—The mere fact of *knowing* a saint is efficacious enough to secure salvation from the fire of hell. *Sa'di* says :

*Shanidam ke dar ruz-i-u'mid-o-bim,*
*Badàn rà be nikàn bebakhshad karim.*

The dignity that I attain by praising your lovers is greater than this that I may put my step of devotion on the stages of Union. Imprinted are on my heart the names of the mendicants at your door : sufficient is the seal of (your) acceptance for the book of my actions. For *muqàmàt-i-wasul*, *vide* Introduction (V). The last line refers to the 'books of account' written down by angels, sitting on the shoulders of men in this world and taking down their good and evil actions. These will be produced on the day of judgment.

I. *Seri Saqti* had ordered *Junaid* to do some work, which *Junaid* performed to his satisfaction. *Saqti* threw at him a piece of paper, in which it was written : I shed tears of blood (for God) ; how can I conceal from you why I have both eyes weeping ? However much my heart is happy from Union, I have a hundred brands thereon (arising) from the fear of separation (which I anticipate from now).

*Junaid* also says : One day I entered the house of *Seri*. He was repeating this couplet and was weeping :

Let my night be long or short, I am never disengaged either day-time or night-time from lamentations and sighs (on account of my burning for divine love).

II. They asked *Hallàj* : Who is a (real) disciple ? He replied : He is a (real) disciple who, from the very commencement, makes His Majesty God the goal of (all) his projects, and till he unites with Him, he is pacified by nothing, nor is he inclined towards (the company of) anybody else.

For you have we traversed the land and the sea, crossed the plain and cleaved the mountain. We have turned away our face from all (temptations) that we met with (and were not daunted by any obstacles) so that we have obtained access to the sanctuary of your Union.

III. The *Sufi Abu Hàsham* has said : To uproot a mountain from its foundation with the point of a needle is easier than to eradicate the vileness of pride from the heart.

Do not boast of absence of pride (from your heart), because it is more (imperceptibly) hidden (in you) than an ant's footmark on a black stone in a dark night; and do not think it easy to take it out from inside, because easier than this is to dig up a mountain from the earth by means of a needle.

IV. *Zulnun* went to the *Shaikhs* of the West for (the solution of) a problem. They asked him: Why have you come here? If you have come (here) to learn ancient and modern science, this is not at all practicable: the Creator knows that all. And if you have come here in search of Him, He *was* there whence you walked the first step, (*i.e*, whence you started).

Ere this I thought you to be far from me, (and) entertained the idea that you were at the *final point* of my travels; now that I have found you I know that He you are, whom I left behind at the very *starting place.*

V. The *Pir of Herât* says: He accompanies His seeker, and, taking hold of his hand, hastens in search of Himself. [*Note.*—God is everywhere and with everybody, and it is foolish to go and search for Him in distant places.]

He, whose name or trace I have neither known nor found, drags me after himself by taking hold of my hand. He is my hand and my foot: wherever He goes I (only) advance, striking my feet and waving my hands.

VI. *Fazail A'yâz* says: I worship God the most Holy and most High on account of *Love*, because I cannot have the patience of not worshipping Him. Some of his company asked him: Who is a vile person? He replied: He who adores God through *fear* of (hell) and *hope* (of heaven). They inquired: How do *you* adore him? He replied: His *Love* and His *Friendship* keep me up in His service and devotion.

How can the killing agony of Love remain (shut up) within the dark earth (constituting human body), since this fire (of Love) has been kindled (in us) from His luminous soul? How can the lover shake off the collar of His fealty from his neck, since, like the *ring*—dove, this (His) collar has *grown* on his neck (*i.e*, when he is born with His Love inherent in him)?

O Beloved! I cannot (bear to) be away from your door: I cannot be content with paradise and the *Huris*. This my

head is (prostrate) at your door by the Law of Love, and not with any mercenary motive. What can I do when I cannot be patient (when) away from this door? *Vide* Introduction (V).

VII. *Ma'ruf Karkhi* has said: The *Sufi* is a (mere) guest in this world; (any) exaction by the guest from the host is a molestation, because the guest can only be an *expectant* of urbanity and not an *extortioner* thereof, (*i e.*, the guest at the most can *expect*, never *demand*, any act of kindness from the host).

I am your guest in the rank of (your) devotees; I am waiting and pleased with anything that comes from you. I have cast hopeful eyes at the table of your generosity: I am *waiting* for your bounty and not *demanding* it.

VIII. They asked *Bâyazid*: What is *Sunnat* and what is *Farz*? He replied: *Sunnat* consists in abandoning the world, and *Farz* consists in associating with God.

O you who question me on the *Sunnat* and *Farz* of the faith of the masters of ecstasy, (know that) *Sunnat* consists in turning away one's face from the world, (and) *Farz* consists in drawing oneself near the Lord!

IX. *Shabali*, being disturbed in mind, was removed to a hospital, where a crowd went to see him. He asked: Who are you? They replied: your friends. He lifted a stone and attacked them, (whereupon) all ran way. He (then) said: Come back, O pretenders! because friends do not run away from friends to avert the stone of their iniquity!

He is a friend who, the more he is detested, the more loving becomes, and the foundation of whose love grows more stable, if he is pelted by his friend with a thousand stones of molestation.

It is also related of him that once upon a time he fell ill. The *Khalifeh* sent a Christian physician for his cure. He asked (*Shabali*): What is the craving of your heart? He replied: That you may become a *Moslem*. He inquired: If I become a *Moslem*, will you be well and get up from your sick-bed? He replied: Yes. Then *Shabali* made an exposition of the Faith and the physician professed it. *Shabali* thereupon rose up from his bed and no sign of illness was left in him. Both of them then went together to the *Khalifeh* and related their

story. The *Khalifeh* replied : I thought I had sent a physician to a patient, (while) I (now find that I) had sent a patient himself to a physician.

That person, who is sick from an attack of love, recognizes his physician in the face (*or* meeting) of the Friend. When the divine physician strides near his head, the former cures this (worldy) doctor (and brings him to his senses) from the disease of (worldly) intoxication.

X. *Sohl A'bdullàh Tustari* says : Despair of that man, whose spirit is clogged early in the morning with (this thought): What shall I eat (to-day)?

Expect not the principle of vigilance from that man whose imagination, when he wakes up early in the morning from sleep, soars not beyond (anxieties for food). Despair of that man who, no sooner he takes out his hands from the rug and puts his legs out of the bed, than he takes them to the tray and the table.

XI. *Abu Sa'yd Kharràz* says : In the commencement of my discipleship I was closely watching my time (*i. e.*, was very staunch in devotion). One day I entered a desert and was walking there, when I heard the voice of something (proceeding) from my rear. I restrained my heart from paying attention thereto, and my eyes from looking towards that direction. It was coming nearer till it came close to me. I found that two big savage beasts (or lions) had jumped on my back. I looked not at them when they jumped up nor when they alighted.

Do you know who is a *Sufi* free from the stain of (possessing) a divided mind? It is he who aims at sincerity in this hypocritical palace (of the world), and who does not sever the bond of his secret with the Beloved, (even) supposing that he is beset on one side by a wolf and on the other by a leopard. [ *Note.*—The real *Sufi* ought not to be confounded in his contemplation by anything however dreadful or painful.]

And he has also observed : He, who thinks that he will reach (God) by his efforts, has (only) taken ridiculous pains : and whoever imagines that he will reach (Him) without efforts has (only) traversed the path of ( his own) desire; because not everybody who ran caught onagers, but he (only) could catch onagers, who ran (after them).

Everybody has not gained by his pains the treasure of Union, and this is strange that nobody has met with this

treasure without pains. Not every person who ran after the onager caught it, but that man (only) can capture it who runs after it. *Vide* Introduction (V). *Predestination.*

XII. *Abul Hasn Nuri* says: No mortal, from whom God hides himself, can reach Him by any skill whatever. *Vide* Introduction (V).

When our Beloved does not show her face from under the veil, nobody can remove the veil from Her. Where the Lustre (of God) manifests itself for show, there is no fear if even the whole world is veiled (in darkness).

XIII. *Abu Bakr Wàsaṭi* says: He, who says, 'I am near (God)' is (really) away (from Him), and he, who says, 'I am away (from Him),' is enveloped in His Existence owing to his own non-existence. *Vide* Introduction (V). *The Doctrine of fanà.*

If anybody says: 'I am near the Soul of the World,' this pretension of proximity arises owing to the (real) distance (between him and God); and if he says 'I am away from Him,' this (apparent) distance of his arises because he is concealed in the veil of His proximity.

XIV. *Abul Hasn Kavsaji* has said: In this world nothing is more unpleasant than a friend, whose friendship is for some interested motive or for (the expectation of some) return.

Nobody in the world is meaner than the lover, who demands redress for (and complains of) the separation of the friend, or desires to stay (for self-gratification) at the door of his Union, because he entertains desires *from* the friend not (desiring) the *friend* himself, (*i.e.*, instead of desiring the friend himself, he desires the pleasure of friendship). *Vide* Introduction (V).

XV. *Bu A'li Daqqàq* says: In the latter part of my life I was afflicted with so much pain, that every day I used to go to the terrace, turn my face towards the sun and address it as follows: O you wanderer over the country! How were you to-day? How did you do to-day? And when you were moving round the earth did you anywhere meet with a person so sharply afflicted (like me), and have you obtained any information anywhere from those upset with this occurrence (of love)? I spoke like words till the sun set.

O Sun, like whom is none so world-wandering! You have brought me as a present (this my distraction) from your wandering, (*i. e.*, I am as distracted and wandering in mind as you)! Whom did you see to-day who, on the path of love, had dust (of distraction) on his face and pain in his heart?

XVI. *Shaikh Abul Hasn Kherqâni* one day asked his intimates: Which is the best thing? They replied: O *Shaikh*! You tell us that. He said: The heart, which at all times befriends Him (by remembering Him).

I possess a little heart which, in spite of a thousand fancies that it has, records nothing on the tablet of the inside excepting your remembrance. It is so fully seized with your remembrance that within it no space is left to contain any other thing (or any other idea).

XVII. *Shaik Abu Sa'yd Abul Khair* was asked: What is *tasavvaf* (*i.e., sufism*)? He replied: What (worldly ideas) you have in the head, you must put aside; what (worldly possessions) you have in the hand, you must give away; and you should not be startled by anything that comes to you (in the shape of sudden misfortunes, &c.,).

If you want to escape from your own (sinful) self by professing *Sufism*, you should lay aside from your head lust and passion: that thing, which you have in the hand, give away from your hand; suffer a hundred blows of calamity and that without being perturbed.

XVIII. *Adham* has said: Manliness is this that you should forgive your fellow-brethren for the errors, which they commit, and you should not deal with them in such a way that you may be (afterwards) obliged to seek their pardon.

Manliness consists in two things, O you young man! I tell you that; listen to me (attentively) so that I may (be inclined to) tell that nicely. The first is this that you should forgive your friends (even) though a hundred faults proceed from them in one single moment. The second is that at no time should proceed from you such an action as may compel you to ask for their forgiveness.

XIX. *Bushr Hafi*,—may the mercy of God be upon him, was asked by his disciple: When I get a piece of bread I do

not know with what meat to eat it. He observed: Remember the boon of health and consider that to be your meat (and relish).

When an indigent person puts before himself a piece of dry bread in order to nourish his life by that bread (and save it) from the teeth of poverty, and when his appetite craves at that time some relish, no sauce is so relishing as the consciousness of health.

XX. *Shafiq-i-Balkhi* has said: Abstain from the company of the rich, because when your heart is attached to them, and when you rejoice at their charity, you adopt as your patron some body other than God.

If you encounter a rich man, do not attach yourself to him for the sake of food. Do not regard a miser as your surety (against starvation); do not adopt a liberated slave as your God.

XXI. *Yusuf Abul Hasn* has said: All virtues are in that house, the key whereof is humility and lowliness of mind, and all vices reside in that house, the key whereof is wealth and egotism.

All virtues are collected in one house and there is no key thereof except lowliness of mind. On the same supposition, all evils are in one house, and to it the one key is wealth and egotism, Be on alert! Take precaution that you do not slip away from that path of goodness, and not expose yourself to the contingency of the perils of evil.

XXII. *Samnun Muhhab* has said: Never will the love of God be pure in a man till he attributes obscenity to the whole world, (and regards it as quite an ugly affair).

If the love of Eternal Beauty takes root in your heart, you will never cast an eye of hope on the *Huris* of paradise. How can the love of Eternal Beauty be granted to you unless you charge the horizons with ugliness, (and regard them as objects of abuse)? *Vide* Introduction (V). *Sufism.*

XXIII. *Abu Bakr Warrâq* has said: If you ask Covetousness who its father is, it will say: Doubt with regard to the predestinations of God; and if you ask it what its profession is, it will say: Embarrassment in the misery of disappointment.

If you ask Covetousness who its father is, it will reply: Doubts in the (absolute) powers (and dispensations) of God; and if you ask it what its occupation is, it will reply: Pining over the sorrows of life's disappointment.

XXIV. *Shaikh Bu A'li Rudbàri* has said: The most dreary of all prisons is association with opposites (*i.e.*, uncongenial persons). [*Note.* To the Sufi the world and all it contents are quite strangers. He knows not anything but God.]

Although to great men every place, where union with the friend is hopeless, (where there is no scent of union), is a prison, yet to the zealous lover, no prison is more pining than the company of strangers, (*i.e.*, of worldly men and those not initiated into the mysteries of love).

XXV. *Abràhim Khawàs* has said: Do not take pains in search of that which has been (meted out to you as being) deemed sufficient for you on the day of Eternal Distribution, (when the fate of all things was ascertained), and *that* is your daily food; and do not waste, (*i.e.*, neglect) that, which has been required from you as your share (lit., sufficiency), and *that* is implicit obedience to divine commandments regarding positive enjoinments and prohibitions.

Your livelihood has been meted out to you on the day of eternity, how long will you go distracted (in search) after that livelihood? Your life's (only) utility (and beneficial aim and object) is to serve God; do not turn away your head from the principle of (this) service. *Vide* Introduction (V). *Predestination.*

XXVI. *Saikh Abul A'bbàs Qassàb* saw a dervish, who was mending his garment, and who re-opened every seam, which did not go right, and sewed it again. The *Shaikh* observed: This garment is perhaps your idol!

That *Sufi*, whose trade is to sew patches, does well if he sews his poverty with long stitches, (*i.e.*, it is quite honourable for him, if he goes on adding patches at random to glory in his poverty). But if his hand moves by the impulses of nature (*i.e.*, self-gratification regarding his richness and pomp), every stitch of his is an idol and the thread of infidelity.

XXVII. *Khazrami* has said: That (person) is a *Sufi* who, when he is (once) dead regarding the existence of (the impulses of) nature, never reverts thereto, according to (the

maxim): "The dead cannot be revived;" and after that, when he has (once) become worthy of spiritual existence and eternity after (self) annihilation, he does not become mortal again (and alive to the impulses of nature). *Vide* Introduction (V). *The doctrine of janà.*

Happy is he who, when he has (once) become annihilated regarding profane love, does not revert to this original existence. Thereafter when he has once got existence from the capital of (God's) Grace (*i. e.*, got an eternal existence), the door of extinction is eternally shut against him (*i.e.*, he becomes eternal evermore).

XXVIII. *Khàje Yusuf Hamdàni* was once preaching in the *Nizàmiah* College of *Baghdàd.* A famous theologian *Abnul Baqà* got up and put a question. The *Khàje* said: Sit down, because I find a smack of infidelity in your words. It may be that you will not die a *Moslem* by faith. Some time after that that theologian became a Christian and died a Christian by faith.

When you see a man, whose name is taken for religious guidance in the rank of *Sufis* after that he has cherished in poverty, do not stretch the foot of pretensions up to his very head, O my friend! because by this act of incivility your religion will be wrecked.

XXIX. *Khàje A'bdul Khàliq A'jzawàni* was one day told by a dervish: If God gives me the (option of) choosing between heaven and hell, I should choose hell, because (the selection of heaven implies (gratification of) passion, while (the selection of) hell implies (the good-will of) God. The *Khàje* was offended at these words and observed: What has man to do with *selection*? We go wherever *He* asks us to go: we be wherever He asks us to be. *Vide* Introduction (V). *Predestination and resignation.*

O you, who profess slavery! Do not do (any) work without the choice of your Master. What have slaves to do with option, when the Master has all powers of (election)?

XXX. They asked *Khàje A'li Ràmanbati*: What is *Imàn*? He observed: To uproot (the heart from the world) and to join (it with the Creator).

If anybody tells you that Faith consists in *disjoining* and *joining*, you ought to approve of that laudable definition. What is the drift of this *disjoining* and *joining*? The meaning is to sever the heart from the *Creation*, and to unite it with the *Creator.*

XXXI. They asked *Bahàuddin Naqshband*: How high does your geneology carry you (*i.e.*, how ancient is your family)? He replied: Nobody reaches his destination by (extending) a chain (thereto). [*Note.*—The oldness and nobility of a family makes not a man noble.]

Truth and purity do not proceed from the garment and the staff (symbolic of Sufism), and from the rosary nothing emits but the smell of hypocrisy! Do not every now and then say how far your geneology carries you, because no person reached his destination by a chain (being extended thereto).

*Notes on the First Garden.*

*Rasul.*—When a true believer (*mawmin*) devotes all his days and nights to prayers, he is called an *àbed (a'bd*, devotion) or worshipper; he becomes a *zàhed* (*zuhd* abandoning) or recluse, when he abandons the world and engages himself in contemplation. When he afterwards comes to learn the mysteries of nature and thus *know* God, he is called an *àa'ref, (a'rf* knowing), and when he obtains the favour of God and is fortunate enough to be honoured with his *nearness*, he is called a *wali* or a saint, and a *nabi* or a prophet, if he gets *inspiration*, in which state he can perform *karàmàt*. If God favours him still more, and gives him any special mission, he is called a *rasul*, and if actual revelations are given to him, he is called *paighamber-i-awlà-al-a'zm*, like Jesus, Mahomed and others. The prophets have the power of working *mua'jazàt*. "The Mahomedans are taught by the *Qorán* that God, in divers ages of the world, gave revelations of his will in writing to several prophets, the whole and every word of which is absolutely necessary for a true Moslem to believe." The number of the prophets *anbià*, who have been sent from time to time by God into this world, amounts to no less than 224,000 or according to some 124,000; among these only 313 were apostles (*rasulán*) sent with special missions; and 6 only were original law-givers, who received revelations from God and were called *paighamberàn-i-awlà-al-a'zm*. These are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mahomed who is the last of the prophets.

*Qayàmat.*—According to the *Qoràn*, on the death of a person, when the corpse is laid into the grave, two angels called *Munkir* and *Nakir*, of a terrible appearance, will visit his grave at night (called *shab-i-gur*), make the body of the person sit upright and question him concerning his faith. If the man has led a pious life, he will be able to answer their questions correctly, and the angels will thereupon suffer the body to rest in the grave in peace till the day of resurrection. But if he is a wicked man, he will fail to answer their questions and the angels will thereupon beat him on the temple with iron maces, press the earth upon him and change his sins into as many dragons and scorpions, which will sting him till the day of resurrection, when he will have to go before God to receive final judgment and retribution.

The time of the resurrection is a perfect secret to all but God, but the approach of it will be made known by certain

signs, which will precede it. Some of these signs are: (1). The general decay of faith among men. (2). A war with the Turks, accompanied by such distress that men would be willing to die. (3). The sun's rising in the west (as some say it originally did). (4). The appearance of a huge ugly beast, who will demonstrate the vanity of all religions except Islam by speaking Arabic, and mark on the face of all believers the word *Mumen* (believer), and on the face of all infidels the word *Kàfir* (infidel). (5). The coming of *Masih-al-dajjàl*, Antichrist. (6). The descent of Jesus on the earth who will kill Antichrist. (7). The eruption of the tribes of *Yàjuj* and *Màjuj*, Gog and Magog, who will overrun Jerusalem. (8). A smoke which shall fill the whole earth. (9). An eclipse of the moon. (10). The demolition of the *Ka'ba* by the Ethiopians. (11). The speaking of beasts and inanimate things. (12). The blowing of a trumpet, which is the immediate sign. This trumpet will be blown three times. The first blast of it is the blast of *consternation*, on hearing which all creatures in heaven and earth will be filled with terror. The second, called the blast of *examination*, will kill in an instant all creatures both in heaven and earth except a chosen few whom God will like to spare. The final blast is the blast of *resurrection* which will be blown by *Israphil*, and which will make dead bodies spring forth from the grave, and go to the judgment—place to receive judgment. God will then appear in the clouds surrounded by angels. An examination will here take place and books, containing the actions of each person, will be given to him. These books are written by two angels called *Kàtebain*, who sit invisibly on the shoulders of each man in this world, the one on the right noting down his good actions, and the other on the left, his bad actions. A balance will be then produced, in which all good and bad actions will be weighed in opposite scales, and exact justice will be given. One scale-pan of this balance hangs in heaven and the other in hell, and it is large enough to contain both heaven and earth. The trial will last no more than while one may milk an ewe.

The righteous ones will then be conducted to heaven and the wicked to hell. The day of resurrection is known by various names. *Rastàkhiz* comes from Zend *iristá* dead, and *khiz* rising, the day being so called because the dead will rise from their graves: *Hashar*, assembly, the day being so called because the dead will rise and assemble before God for judgment: *Hasáb*, account, because the dead will have to render an account of

their time in this world, &c. The doctrine of resurrection a positive belief in which is obligatory on every faithful, seems to have been borrowed from Zoroastrianism.

*Sunnat* and *Farz.*—*Sunnat* literally means a path or way; a mode of life regulated after the example of the prophet. It means the tradition which records the doing of the prophet, while *hadis* means the tradition recording his sayings. It is the belief of all Mahomedans that in addition to the revelation contained in the *Qoràn*, the prophet received *wahi ghair-i-matlu*, whereby he was enabled to give authoritative declarations on religious questions either moral, ceremonial or doctrinal. The word *hadis* is now generally used to denote the vast collection of such of the prophet's sayings and doings as were handed down by one generation to another from the immediate companions of the prophet downwards.

*Farz* means that duty which is obligatory upon every faithful and any omission whereof is a sin.

*Shara'.*—The word literally means *the way*, and is defined as the "way or road in the religion of *Mahomed* which God has established for the guidance of his people both for the worship of God and the duties of life." *Shara'* is divided into

(1). *I'taqàdàt*, embracing the six articles of Belief forming the theoretical part of the Mahomedan religion: (a) Belief in the unity of God; (b) Belief in His angels; (c) Belief in His koobs; (d) Belief in His prophets; (e) Belief in the day of judgment; (f) Belief in His decrees.

(2) *Aadàb*, comprising moral excellences, humility, resignation, contentment, &c.

(3) *I'bàdàt*, including (a) Recital of the creed; (b) Prayers; (c) Alms; (d) Fasting; (e) Pilgrimage.

(4) *Mua'malàt*, comprising various sections of civil jurisprudence, marriage, divorce, dower, &c.

(5) *A'qubát*, punishments.

That which is lawful is graded into five classes:

(1) *Farz*, that which is proved beyond all doubt to be enjoined, a denial or omission whereof is a positive sin.

(2) *Wàjib*, that which is obligatory but about the authority of which there is some doubt.

(3) *Sunnat*, that wich is recommended as practised by the prophet.

(4) *Mustahabb*, that which was sometimes done and sometimes omitted by the prophet and his companions.

(5) *Mubàh*, that which is desirable but not obligatory.

Things unlawful are classified into

(1) *Mufsed,* a mortal sin.
(2) *Haràm,* distinctly forbidden.
(3) *Makruh,* undesirable and contemptible.

*Khalif.*—The word literally means 'to leave behind' and means in common language any successor of *Mahomed,* who is vested with absolute authority in all matters of state, both civil and religious. The first four immediate succcessors of the prophet are known as *khalafà-i-ràshadain.* There were in all 56 *khalifs,* 4 of the house of the prophet, 15 *Umayya* and 37 *A'bbàsaid khalifs.*

## THE SECOND GARDEN.

*On the Sprinkling of the Anemones of Philosophical subtleties, which have, in consequence of Drops from the Clouds of (Divine) Bounty, grown in the soil of the Hearts of Philosophers and in the Lands of their Minds, and adorned the Folds of their Books by the Explanation and Description thereof.*

He is called a practical man, who studies the essence of things as much as he can, and makes an acquisition (or a quality) of his life as much art as is required as being co-related with science.

It will be a happy thing for you to abandon the fading pleasures (of the world), and invent some design for the eternal meeting (with God). Endeavour to know all things that you can know, and then (only) go to those things which you (perhaps) cannot know.

I. Alexander, at the time of his conquest of the world, captured a fortress by means of a great stratagem and ordered it to be razed. They told him that there was a philosopher there, learned and capable of solving difficult problems. He sent for him. He saw a figure repulsive to human nature and abhorrent to the nature of agreeable persons. Alexander exclaimed : What a strange image is this, and what a frightful figure! The philosopher was consternated. He smiled and said astonishingly:

O you devoid of the excellence of justice, don't taunt me for my ugly countenance! The body is like the scabbard and the life like the sword: it is the sword that does the work, not the scabbard.

*He continued* : That person, who has no sympathy with the people, has his body imprisoned by his own skin, and so crammed up is his existence to him, that (an ordinary) prison is like a pleasure-ground when compared with it.

Know that that man, who is ill-natured with all people, will always suffer (lit., be tried) in the hand of a hundred sorrows. You do not (even) ask the policeman to put him into prison, because the skin on the body of an ill-natured man is gaol enough for him.

*He said further* : The envious person is always in troubles and waging (lit., weighing) strife with his Lord, because he frowns at whatever is the lot of others, while he is never satisfied with what is his own share.

That habit of an envious person,—may dust sit in his mouth, is to criticise disparagingly the dispensations of the wise Lord. At whatever he sees in the hands of others, he (thus) bemoans: Why did you unreasonably give that to him and not to me?

*And moreover he observed* : A generous wise man distributes his wealth among his friends, while a silly avaricious fellow leaves it for his enemies, (*i. e.*, his heirs, who wish his death every moment in order to get his wealth).

Whatever comes to the hand of a generous man is thrown at the feet of his friends, (but) whatever the vile man of an avaricious nature gathers remains for his enemies (to be enjoyed by them) after his death.

*Further he observed* : To launch into joke and buffoonery with low persons is the degradation of one's own respectability, and is the raising of the dust of baseness and misery on one's own self.

O you who joke with a mean person! you will lose your (awe-inspiring) name of *Rustom* for that of meanness and cowardice. Do not play the buffoon before mean persons, otherwise you will lose the glory of your greatness.

(*Lastly*) *he added*: He, who adopts the practice of tyranny over his inferiors, will die under the kicks of his (own) superiors.

O heart! listen from me to this pithy saying, which has remained fixed in my ears from masters of wit: Whoever draws forth the word of ruthlessness, is killed by the sword of the ruthless.

Alexander's ears were repleted with those jewels of philosophy, and he filled the philosopher's mouth, like his own ears, with jewels, and turned away his rein from the destruction of that fort.

II. *Sekunder Aafridun*, who, in the land of kindness, sowed nothing but seeds of advice, wrote this royal letter to his children: The (blank) pages of Times constitute the book of (all men's) lives, in which nothing is recorded except the best of actions and impressions.

Thus said a wise man who has considered (the matter) well: The surface of Time is the book of the life of all men. Happy is that man who, on this quite blank book (lit., book free of all writing) writes a noble record and leaves a good trace!

III. One of the philosophers has said: I wrote forty books on philosophy but did not profit by them. (Then) I selected forty sentences out of them, and out of these also I derived no benefit. (At last) I picked out only four out of these, and got in them what I wanted.

*Firstly.* Do not render women objects of your confidence as you would render men, because, although the woman may come from a trustworthy family, she is not (yet) one of that class, deserving of confidence.

The intellect of the woman is imperfect, and so is her wisdom; do not ever render her deserving of your confidence. If she is bad, do not take any counsel from her, (attach not any importance to her); if she is good, (still) do not *trust* her.

*Secondly.* Do not be deceived by wealth, although it may be great, because at length it will be crushed under the feet of the vicissitudes of time.

Do not be deceived by your wealth like foolish persons, because it is as flitting as the cloud. Although the flitting cloud may shed jewels, the wise man will heed it not seriously.

*Thirdly.* Never relate your hidden secrets to any friends, because it oftentimes happens that there arise hitches in friendship, which is (thus) turned into enmity.

O Boy! It is better that you should absolutely keep silent from revealing to a friend that secret, which is proper to conceal from a foe. I have seen many times that, from the capricious movement of the sky, friends become enemies and amity is turned into enmity.

*Fourthly.* Do not acquire any knowledge excepting that by neglecting which you die a sinner: avoid all superfluity and pursue that which is necessary.

Be inclined to that science which is indispensable to you, and do not search for that which you can dispense with: and when you acquire that indispensable science, do not desire to act except in accordance therewith.

IV. *Abu Muqanna'* says: The library of Indian philosophers was carried on a hundred camels. Their king requested for a diminution thereof, and they brought two camels' load. By a repetition of the same request, it was settled down to four maxims. The *first* maxim was about direction to kings towards justice.

When the King of the world professes justice, the great always become a (source of) comfort to the small. When a distracted man cries from a broken heart, one single curse (*lit.*,

taunt) of his becomes (tantamount to) the very profession of tyranny (in point of the punishment from heaven, that is due thereon and incurred by the tyrant). The foundation of justice is one fold upon another. Justice it is that is required, other things are all insignificant.

The *second* maxim was about advice to the subjects to be well-behaving and obedient.

Disobedience of subjects is the seed of the king's oppression: if you sow barley, how can you get a wheat-crop out of that seed?

The *third* maxim was about preserving the health of the body. Till a person is hungry, he should not take food; and when he sits down to dine, he should rise from his meals before he has eaten quite his fill.

It is better to avoid the cause of satiety, and (thus) to escape the disgrace of (submitting oneself to the treatment of) medical impostors. Do not sit down at the table till the stomach is empty, and leave it before fully repleting it.

The *fourth* maxim was regarding advice to women, that they should keep their eyes far away from the face of strangers, and that they should keep veiled their own faces against the eyes of those, excluded from the seraglio.

She is a true woman, who does not show her face to anybody to whom it is unlawful to show it, although he may be the (very) pupil of her own eye, and who does not open her eyes to look at anybody except her husband, (even) though that person may be in point of beauty unique as the moon of the sky.

V. There are four discourses perfected by four sovereigns, which, you may say, are like one (and the same) arrow darted from four (different) bows.

*First. Nawshirwân* has said: I have never repented of what I have not said, though I have said much, out of repentance whereof I have slept in dust and blood.

Nobody has ever felt remorse for a secret under seal, but many revealed secrets there are that have caused distraction. Sit silent, because sitting tranquilly in silence is better than that speaking, which brings remorse.

*Second.* The *Kaiser of Roum* has said: I have greater control over what I have not said than over what is already said; that is to say, I am (yet) able to say what I have not said, while I cannot conceal what I have already said.

Do not give out with composure to your companions anything, the divulgence whereof is hard on you (once that it is divulged), (*or*, anything which is hard to conceal once that it is revealed), because whatever you keep concealed you can speak (afterwards at your leisure), while you cannot conceal what you have once said.

*Third.* The *Khàqàn of Chin* has spoken thus on this topic: It happens very frequently that the consternation of having given out something is more severe than that of concealment thereof.

Do not be in a hurry to paint with the caprice of description every sealed secret, which comes uppermost to your mind, (because) I fear that the mulct for divulging it will be heavier than the repentance, that may be caused by concealing it.

*Fourth.* The Indian king has announced this pithy saying: As regards every word which has escaped from my tongue, the hand of my control over it is fettered, while I am (always) the disposer of what I have not said: (for) if I like I may speak that out, and if I don't, I may not.

This happy comparison between a secret concealed and revealed has been uttered by a wise man: The former is like an arrow yet under control; the latter is like an arrow, which has left the bow.

VI. The *King of Hindustàn* sent presents to a *Khalif* of *Baghdàd* and with them an intelligent physician, endowed with proficiency in medicine and philosophy. The latter rose before the *Khalif* and said: I have brought three bags fit for and necessary to kings only. The *Khalif* inquired what they were, whereupon the physician replied: *First.* A tincture, by using which grey hair can be turned into black in such a way, that it never changes and turns white again. *Second*, a confection, by taking which, however much you indulge in food, the stomach does not become heavy and the human temperament does not lose its equilibrium. *Third*, a compound, which strengthens the backbone, * * * and a repeated use whereof prevents weakness of sight and loss of strength. The *Khalif* contemplated for some time and (thus) retorted: I thought you to be wiser and more intelligent than what you are. As regards the *tincture* referred to, it is the stock of pride and the tinsel of falsehood and strength. Blackness of hair is symbolic of darkness and whiteness, of light. How foolish that person must be who endeavours to clothe light with darkness!

That fool, who dyes his grey hair black, (perhaps) hopes to regain youth after old age! Before intelligent persons, who are thinking of the game of good fortune, how can the black crow (in the falcon's feathers) have the lustre of a white falcon?

And as to that *confection*, which you have mentioned, I am not of that class, who eat much and relish that. * * * * Philosophers have said that hunger is a disease in the human constitution, and eating and drinking are a ready cure. Foolish is that person, who makes himself ill of his own accord, thus submitting himself to the constraints of infirmity.

The gentleman, who creates (artificial) appetite, thereby causes a fracture in his constitution, and then repairs that fracture with materials raw and ripe and whatever else that is required.

And as to that *compound*, which you have mentioned, dalliance with women is one ramification of madness, and it is far from the dictates of reason that the *Khalif* of the surface of the earth should prostrate on both his knees before a contemptible girl and flatter and adulate her.

O you who boast of possessing wisdom! how long will you roll in lust, shake the locks of your mistress and rock the chain of insanity? What can be greater madness than this?

VII. In the court of *Nawshirwân* gathered three philosophers, one from *Roum*, another from *Hind*, and the third *Buzarjamhir*. Word came to this: Which is the harshest of all things? The *Rumi* said: Old age, langour, poverty and distress. The *Hindi* observed: A sick body with abundance of grief. *Buzarjamhir* remarked: Proximity of death with an absence of a righteous action. All concurred with the words of *Buzarjamhir*.

Discussion was going on among intelligent philosophers before *Nawshirwan* as to what the heaviest wave was in the fathomless (abyss) of sorrow. One said: It is sickness and deep sorrow. A second observed: It is poverty with old age. The third (thus) averred: It is the proximity of death with evilness of action. And in the end, the third, in accordance with wisdom, was given preference.

VIII. A philosopher was asked: When should a man hasten to eat? He replied: A rich man (should eat) whenever he becomes hungry, and a poor man, whenever he gets something to eat.

Eat in such a proportion, that the edifice of your constitution may not be ruined by excess or starvation. If you have (food), eat it when your appetite desires it: otherwise (if you have not food always available) sit down to eat wherever you get food.

IX. A philosopher said to his son: You ought not to stir out of your house early in the morning, without having first partaken of some food, inasmuch as satisfaction of hunger is the seed of gentleness and forbearance, while hunger is the cause of emptiness of mind and rashness.

Do not make your temper sensitive by fasting, because weakness and forbearance surpass all (evil) things. When fasting becomes the source of trouble, the avoiding of it is better than the keeping of it.

*Maxim.* When you are hungry, appetite for any soup or bread will be excited in your nature, and your appetite will provoke that of the friends with whom you sit.

It is better to eat, within the limits of fullness, whatever fresh and dry you get in your house. Do not covet the food of others; cut off your greed from the doles of mean persons.

*Maxim.* When the host sits at the edge of the table, and sees himself (as it were served) in its middle (to be eaten up by them), (*i. e.*, when the host does not desire that the guests should eat anything), it is better for you to eat of your own liver than his bread, and to drink your own blood rather than anything from his table.

Withdraw your food from the table, and your hand from the bread, of that man who says: This is *my* table, this is *my* bread. Herbs that you may eat of your own garden are more relishing than his roasted meat.

*Maxim.* Five things there are which, when they are granted to any man, place under his control the reins of a happy life. *First.* Health of body. *Second.* Security. *Third.* Ample means of livelihood. *Fourth.* A kind friend. *Fifth.* Composure of mind. And whoever is deprived of these has the door of a pleasant life closed against him.

The causes of a happy life come to these five, according to the unanimous opinion of philosophers of universal fame: Freedom from cares, security, health, sufficient means of life, and a good-natured friend, a virtuous companion.

*Maxim.* A wise man does not count for anything any boon, which is susceptible to death or decline; and though

life may be long, yet, as death does come (at last), that long duration is of no avail. The prophet Noah lived a thousand years in this world, but it is now five thousand years since he died. That boon has a value, which is eternal and secure from the calamity of decline.

Before a wise man, that thing is a (real) blessing by which your heart is rejoiced *for ever*. When the tomb will be your resting-place, gold and silver will remain on its top like the tombstone (and will be of no value whatever to you then).

*Maxim.* They asked *Buzarjamhir*: Which king is most virtuous? He replied: That king, under whom the virtuous are secure, and of whom the vicious are in dread.

He is a king, who has an enlightened mind and intelligence, and from whom the virtuous are in a happy state, and the vicious in an unhappy one.

X. They advised *Hajjàj* to fear God and not to oppress the faithful. He was a very eloquent man. Having ascended the pulpit he said: God has empowered me to rule over you with awe. If I die you will not, considering this your own conduct, escape oppression after me, for God has many servants beside myself, and if I die, possibly a worse man will arrive to rule over you.

If you wish your sovereign to be just, you yourself be just in your own dealing, which is a field of exchange. The king is a mirror: whatever you see in it is the reflection cast by your own mode of dealing with him.

*Maxim.* A King sought for advice from a philosopher. The latter said: I will put you a question, which you must answer sincerely. Do you like gold more or an enemy? He replied: Gold. The philosopher observed: The thing you love, namely gold, you will leave here, and that one whom you do not love, namely, the enemy, you will carry with you to the next world. The King wept and said: You have given me a good piece of advice, wherein is comprised every good maxim.

On account of your extreme desire for gold and greed of silver, you give rise to a thousand kinds of hostility among the people of the world. Gold and silver are your friends, but the owner thereof is your enemy, from whose possession you wrest them by force and fraud. It is neither the demand of intellect nor the habit of prudence, that you should leave your friend behind you (on your death), and take your enemy with you, (as you *have* to do), (and so it is better to love your enemy,

with whom you will have to go and despise gold and silver, which you will have to leave behind).

XI. Alexander dismissed one of his experienced officers from a great post, and employed him in a low one. One day that man came to see Alexander, when the latter asked him how he fared with his (new) post. He replied: May the king live long! The man is not ennobled by a great post, but the post is ennobled by a great man. In every post are needed virtue, justice, and equity. Alexander was pleased with these words and restored him to his former post.

If you desire a great post, try to combine in yourself virtue with skill. The greatness of man deos not arise from his (high) post, rather the post is exalted by the man.

*Maxim.* Three things are unbecoming in three classes of men: 1. A hot spirit in kings. 2. Avarice in intelligent persons. 3. Parsimony in rich persons.

Three actions are recorded by a writer's pen as ugly in three (classes of) persons: Hotness of temper in a powerful king, covetousness in a wise man, and parsimony in a rich man.

*Maxim.* Philosophers have said: Just as the world prospers by justice and ruined by oppression, similarly justice casts refulgence from its own side to the distance of a thousand *farsangs*, while oppression from its own centre emits darkness to that distance

Practise justice, so that when its morning may dawn, the refulgence thereof may extend to a thousand *farsangs*. When the darkness of oppression manifests itself, the world becomes replete with gloom, life's misery and destitution.

XII. A very magnanimous dervish was on the path of friendship with a glorious king, and on terms of long-standing intimacy, (*lit.*, social merriment) with him. One day the dervish saw manifest on the king's forehead the effect of ennui. However much he inquired he could discover no cause thereof other than excess of intercourse and the frequency of (his own) visits. (Consequently) he relinquished his friendship, and rolled up the carpet of his intimacy (lit., gaiety). One day the king happened to meet him on a road, and opening the tongue of conversation, thus said: O dervish! why is it that you have cut off from us, and withheld the steps of your visits to us? He replied: The reason is this, that I know that it was more honorable for me to be questioned as to the reason of my absence, than to perceive ennui (on your face) on account of my presence.

That rich man asked the dervish: Why have you come to me after such a long time? He replied: (The question) 'why don't you come to us' is much preferrable to (the question) 'why have you come here?'

## THE THIRD GARDEN.

*On the Description of the Opening of Blossoms in the Vineyard of Sovereignty and Government, comprehending the Fruits of Justice and Equity; and the Philosophy of Kings' Existence is the Manifestation of Sound Guidance and Justice, and not the Display of Grandeur and Pomp.*

Although *Nawshirwàn* was a stranger to the (Moslem) religion, he was unique in justice and righteousness. Consequently the prince of the creation, (i. e., *Mahomed*),—on whom be the best benedictions of God, used to say boastingly: I was born in the reign of the just king *Nawshirwàn*.

The prophet, who, in the reign of *Nawshirwàn*, became the eye and the lamp of the world by his birth, (lit., face), used to say that he was free from (the stain of) tyranny, because he was born in the reign of *Nawshirwàn*. How well did that well-wishing adviser speak in the ears of that tyrant king's heart: Think of the darkness of tyranny and profess justice (even only) by way of experiment, and (then) if your justice does not come out more magnificent than tyranny, you may practise tyranny again.

I. It is so recorded in chronicles that for five thousand years sovereignty remained connected with the *Guebres* and the *Magi*. And this is a good fortune, which was in their family, as they were just with their subjects and did not allow oppression.

*Maxim.* It is related in the traditions that God (thus) inspired David: Ask your community not to speak ill of Persian kings and abuse them, because they made the world prosperous by their justice in order that my slaves may live comfortably therein.

Know that it is justice and equity, not belief and disbelief, that are useful for the protection of the state. For the organization of the world, justice without religion is better than the oppression of a king with religion.

*Maxim.* The companion of a king ought to be an intelligent sage, and not a courtier addicted to buffoonery, because from the (influence of the) former proceeds perfection of the highest degree, while the latter's company has an inclination towards degradation of the worst type.

Every pithy saying, which is uttered by the lips and the teeth, is like a jewel: happy is that person, who made the casket

of his breast (full with) the treasure of these jewels. An intelligent heart is a treasure of the jewels of philosophy; do not be estranged from such a treasure.

II. * * * *

All the manners of that intelligent man, who follows the dictates of *Nature*, will be according to truth and propriety. But that intelligent man, who follows the rule of *Wisdom*, becomes, by the beauty of his sagacity, the teacher of good manners (even) to animals.

III. The favourites of kings are like companies of men, who climb up to the top of a mountain. They will eventually tumble down in consequence of the quakes of (the king's) anger and the disasters of time, and there is no doubt that the fall of those higher up will be severer, and the coming down of those, who are at the foot, will be easier.

The court of the king's proximity is very majestic, yet do not go very high up that court, because, when you will fall down from that height, I fear you will fall down more heavily than any other falling persons.

*Maxim.* Kings ought to have secretly in their employment men, who act and speak righteously, so that they may acquaint the king with the condition of distressed subjects and agriculturists. It is said that *Ardeshir* was a well-informed king. When his courtiers came to him in the morning, he used to tell them what a certain person ate (the night before), or how a certain woman had treated a certain girl, and like other things of whatever was done he used to tell; so that people thought that perhaps an angel came to him from heaven and informed him. And *Mahomed Sabaktagin* was a man of this kind.

When the king is not well-informed of the condition of his soldiers, how will the soldiers (care to) avoid his wrath? They will bring forth a thousand pretexts, when they intend to take the cup (of liquor): they will play a thousand songs on the harp of sedition.

IV. Aristotle says: The best of kings is he, who resembles a vulture surrounded by corpses, and not he, who resembles a corpse surrounded by vultures; that is to say, he should be well-informed of the state of his surroundings, while those surrounding him should be in the dark as regards his attitude, and not that he himself should be ignorant of his own surround-

ings, while those surrounding him may be aware of his movements.

The king ought to be well-informed like the vultures, inasmuch as corpses have fallen round him, and not (that he should be) like a corpse round which vultures sit in rows, sharpening their beaks therin for every possible benefit to themselves.

V. *Nawshirwàn* held an assembly on the *Nawruz* holiday. He saw that one of those present, who was related to him, put a golden cup under his arm-pit (to purloin it). *Nawshirwàn* pretended ignorance and said nothing. When the meeting dispersed, the keeper of waters said: Let nobody go out; I want to search for a golden cup which is missing. *Nawshirwàn* said: Let the matter drop, because that person who has taken it will not give it back, and that person who has seen (the thief), (i. e., he himself), will not expose (him). After some days that person made his appearance, having put on a new coat and worn new boots on his feet. *Nawshirwàn* pointed at his robe, meaning: Is this from that, (i. e., produce of the stolen cup)? That person lifted up his skirt, which covered his boots and said: These too are from that. *Nawshirwàn* laughed, and knowing that (he stole the cup because) he needed it out of necessity, ordered a thousand *misqàls* to be given to him.

When a generous king becomes aware of your crime, confess it and ask pardon from his generosity. Do not deny your crime, because that (denial) constitutes another crime, nay, denial of crime is much worse than the crime itself.

VI. *Màmun* had a slave, whose duty was to keep (*lit.*, he was responsible for keeping) at hand the water for ablution. At the intervals of a few days, the ewer and the washing basin were being lost. *Màmun* said to him: I wish you sell to us the ewer and the basin, which you carry away from us. He replied: I will do it, but you buy this present basin, (as this too I will carry away in no time). Being asked for how much he would sell it, he replied: For ten *dinàrs*. *Màmun* ordered ten *dinàrs* to be given to him and then observed: This basin is now secure (against theft). To this the slave replied: Yes.

Do not grudge silver to one, whom you have bought with gold (i. e., to your slave), so that his soul may thereby rest tranquil. (Don't render him desperate, but) yield by spending your money upon him, so that the affair may not end in the destruction of your life.

VII. Between *Moà'viah* and *A'qil*, the son of *Abi Tàleb*, there existed staunch friendship and long-standing intimacy. One day a thorn fell on the way of their love, and dust deposited itself on the face of their friendship. *A'qil* cut off from *Moà'viah*, and ceased to visit his assembly. *Moà'viah*, thus entreatingly wrote to him: O you the supreme object of pursuit of the tribe of *A'bdul Matlab*! O you the final goal of the family of *Qasà*! O you the musk-deer of *A'bd Munàf*! And O you the fountain-head of the excellence of *Beni Hàsham*! Prophetic sign there is in your nature and apostolic glory in your family! Where are all your magnanimity, mildness, and forbearance? Come back (to me), because I am penitent for what has passed (between us), and am distressed for what I said (to you).

How long shall I be the butt of the arrow of your hatred, and remain without heart and religion on account of your separation? On this earth (i.e., while I am living), my face will be on earth (prostrating) before you: under the earth too (after my death) I shall act likewise.

The reply which *A'qil* wrote to him was (as follows): When a noble person is displeased with his friend, he should retreat in the corner of separation, and be inclined to the lane of exile, not that he should gird up his loins for evil and utter calumniation.

When a friend thinks of seeking a quarrel with you, sever your ties from him and do nothing more. Do not be very persistent in enmity, but leave some aspect of peace.

Again *Moà'viah* pressed him with excuses to return to his former friendship, requested him to be reconciled, and sent a hundred thousand *derums* as price of the peace.

Whenever there arises a breach in the foundation of the friendship of old friends, apologyze and beg their pardon. And if that breach cannot be repaired by expressions of speech, endeavour to repair it by means of gold and silver bricks.

VIII. *Hajjàj* was separated from his army in a hunting place. He ascended a hillock, where he saw an Arab sitting (near the place), picking out insects from his patched garment while his camels were browsing round him. When the camels saw *Hajjàj*, they were frightened. The man looked up, became angry and said: Who is this man that has come to this desert with a glittering coat on? Curses light upon him! *Hajjàj* said nothing but went near and said: *Salàm* to you, O Arab! To this the Arab said in reply: No *salàm* to you! Neither the grace of God nor His blessings upon you! *Hajjàj* asked for

water from him, when the Arab said: Come down and drink water humbly and wretchedly, because, by God, I am nobody's friend or servant. *Hajjàj* came down and drank water. Then he asked; O Arab! who is the noblest of mankind? To this the Arab replied: The Apostle of God, (i.e., *Mahomed*),—may the blessing and salutation of God be upon him and his family! Again he asked: What do you say of *A'li*, the son of *A'bu Tàlib*? He replied: On account of his generosity and greatness, his name cannot be contained in the mouth, (i.e., language is too imperfect to express them). Again he asked: What have you to say of *A'bdul Malik*, the son of *Merwàn*? The Arab made no reply, whereupon *Hajjàj* said: O Arab! reply to me. The Arab observed that he was a bad man. He asked: Why? The Arab replied: He has committed a fault (the evils of) which extend from east to west. On being asked what that fault was, he replied: The fault is that he has sent this wicked and profligate *Hajjàj* (to rule) over the Moslems. *Hajjàj* observed silence. Suddenly a bird flew there and made a sound. The Arab turned his face towards *Hajjàj* and asked him who he was. *Hajjàj* inquired: What is this question that you put to me? He replied: This bird has informed me that an army is approaching here, of which you are the commander. Whilst they were thus conversing, his soldiers reached him and saluted him. When the Arab saw this, the colour of his face changed. *Hajjàj* ordered him to be brought with them. Next day, in the morning, when the table was spread and people gathered, he called the Arab. When he entered, he said: *Salàms* to you, O *Amir*! And the grace and benedictions of God be upon you! *Hajjàj* retorted: *Salàm* to you! I do not speak to you what you spoke to me (in the desert), (i.e., I do not withdraw from you the benedictions of God and do not curse you as you did me). Then *Hajjàj* asked him whether he would (like to) eat, to which he replied: This is *your* food; I shall eat if *you* permit it. *Hajjàj* told him to eat, and the Arab sat down, stretched his hand and exclaimed: In the name of God! If it please God that some *good* should follow this *good* dinner. *Hajjàj* smiled and said (to his guests): Do you know what passed on me yesterday at the hands of this man? The Arab said: May God correct you, O *Amir*! Do not reveal to-day the secret which passed between you and me yesterday. What is past should not be described thereafter. *Hajjàj* said: O Arab! Make your choice out of these two things: Either remain here with me, so that I may make you one of my special attendants, or I will send you to *A'bdul Malik bin Merwàn* and acquaint

him with what you have spoken of him. The Arab observed that yet another course was possible. Being asked what it was, he said: Leave me alone that I may return to my place (or city), and so that neither you may see me any more nor may I see you any more. *Hajjàj* smiled and ordered ten thousand *dinàrs* to be given to him, and he was sent away to his own place.

A man ought to reclaim the nature of masters of tyranny from tyrannical acts by polite language and graceful address, and bring back to liberality, by means of charming words, every ignoble person, who is quite away from (all sense of) obligation and liberality.

XI. * * *

X. The *Vazir* of *Hormuz*, the son of *Shàpur*, wrote him a letter that sea-merchants had brought many jewels, and that he had purchased them for the king for 100,000 *dinàrs*. He further wrote: I have heard that the king does not wish to buy them; if that is true, such and such a merchant buys them, leaving us a profit of 100,000 *dinàrs*. *Homuz* wrote in reply: 100,000 *dinàrs* are not of much account to us. If we engage ourselves in trade, who will govern, and what will merchants do?

It is not in conformity with the dignity of kings that they should voluntarily engage themselves in buying and selling with the intention of earning a livelihood. When the king makes the business of wordly merchants his profession, you yourself say what else are merchants to do?

XI. The Commander of the Faithful, *O'mar*, was plastering a wall with mud in *Medinah* during the time of his *Khalàfat*. A Jew complained of oppression before him, and said that the governor of *Basrà* had bought commodities from him of the value of 100,000 *derums*, but that the governor beguiled him in the payment of the price thereof. *O'mar* ordered him to bring a piece of paper. He said that he had none, whereupon *O'mar* took a potsherd and wrote thereon: The complainants against you are numberless, while there is found none, who is your thanks-giver. Either abstain from the cause of these grievances or give up the post of governorship. At the end was transfixed the signature *O'mar A'bdul Khetàb*. Neither was there a seal nor any ornamental superscription imprinted thereon. But so deeply were the impetuosity of his justice and the awe

of his administration seated in people's heart, that, when the Jew handed over that potsherd to the governor of *Basrà*, the latter who was on his horse, alighted from it, kissed the ground, and fully paid off the Jew's debts, while the Jew remained all this time on horse—back.

When the king inspires no awe by his administration, he has to suffer abjectness at the hands of arrogant persons. When the lion sheds his teeth and claws, he has to submit to slaps from lame foxes.

XII. A youth was caught in a theft. The *khalif* ordered his hand to be cut off, so that it may be shortened from (reaching) the property of *Musalmàns*. The youth cried and said:

When God has adorned me with the right hand (in company) with the left, do not allow my right to be separated from my left.

The *Khalif* again ordered his hand to be cut off, as that was one of the punishments ordained by God, relaxation wherein was non-Islamic, (i.e., contrary to religion). The mother of the young man was with him. She got up and said: O *Khalif*! He is my son. It is owing to his support that I maintain myself from morning till night, and it is from his pains-taking hand that I get my livelihood.

To my oppressed soul the son is, as it were, life-giving. My maintenance is threaded with his hand: do not approve of its being cut down.

The *Khalif* (again) ordered his hand to be cut off, as he would not pardon this crime, and would not incur upon him the guilt of waiving this punishment, whereupon the mother observed: Regard this crime in the same light with those other crimes, and think it to be one of those sins, for which you are always craving pardon (from God) and praying to be forgiven. The *Khalif* liked her saying and ordered him to be set free.

Happy is that intelligent person, who utters a pithy saying before a king at the time of his anger, brings forth a maxim sweet as water, and throws water on the fire of the king's anger!

XIII. A culprit was brought before a *Khalif*, who prescribed the punishment requisite thereto. The culprit said: O you Commander of the Faithful! Taking revenge for a crime is justice, but conniving at it is a virtue excelling justice. And the dignity of the magnanimity of the Commander of the Faithful is above this that he should neglect what is (a) higher (virtue), and

should lower himself to what is low. The *Khalif* liked his words and forgave his crime.

Retaliation is justice, but to pardon a crime is a virtue excelling all: between this and that there is as great a gap as between heaven and earth. How can that intelligent man, who is aware of (the difference between) these two, abandon this virtue and turn towards justice?

XIV. A boy of the tribe of *Beni Hàshem* behaved disrespectfully towards one of the masters of excellences. A complaint was lodged before his uncle, who wished to teach him respect by punishment. The boy exclaimed: O my uncle! I acted as I did, because I had not any wisdom: you do what you like, considering that you *are* (endowed) with wisdom.

If a fool acts according to the impulses of lust and passion, and not according to the dictates of good sense, you once for all, inasmuch as you are not overcome by lust and passion, do not tread any path except that of wisdom.

XV. A woman of that faction, that had rebelled against *Hajjàj*, was brought before the latter. *Hajjàj* spoke some words to her, but she, hanging down her head, stared on the ground, neither replying to him nor looking at him. One of those present said to her: O woman! the *Amir* is speaking to you and you are turning away from him! She retorted: I am ashamed before God the Highest that I should look at a man at whom God (himself) does not look.

Don't look at the face of a tyrant, because it is, (as it were), a door opened of hell: ever since this door has been opened, the eye of God's grace has never fallen upon it.

XVI. They asked Alexander: By what means have you obtained what you have of good fortune, power and dominion at this tender age and at this early beginning of your reign? He observed: By means of reconciling enemies, till they turned away their reins from hostile malignity, and by means of confederating with friends, till they were confirmed in the bonds of friendship.

If you desire the kingdom of Alexander, you ought, like him, to turn enemies into friends and make friends friendlier by your good qualities.

XVII. One day Alexander was sitting with his officers, one of whom observed: God the Great and Glorious has given you a

very great kingdom. Take many wives so that you may get a great number of children, and your memory may thereby be perpetuated in the world. He retorted : My memory and my children are good words and good qualities. * * *

When a father cannot be to this extent certain whether his son will be one of the group of the foolish or the intelligent, benign qualities are a sufficient progeny to him (to perpetuate his memory).

*Notes on the Third Garden.*

*Gabra* and *Maghàn.* They were known as *al-màjus,* a sect of ancient philosophers, which rose in Persia at a very early period, devoting much of their time to the study of heavenly bodies. They held in the greatest abhorrence the worship of images, and worshipped fire as the purest symbol of Divine Existence. This religious sect was reformed by Zoroaster in the sixth century before Christ, when Zoroastrianism became the national religion of Persia. The *Magi* were very learned men and the practical results of their observations surprised the people of the town, a circumstance which has given rise to the surmise that the word *magic* owes its origin to this fact.

*Mawbed.* Various derivations are given of this word. Some say it comes from *mugh, Magi* and *bud,* leader, meaning the chief of the *Magi.* Others say that it is a Turkish word meaning a tavern-keeper, *mugh,* wine, only Zoroastrian subjects in Persia selling and using wine, which was prohibited to the Mahomedans.

*Duzakh,* Hell, *( Jahnam* ), is situated into the lowest depths of the earth, and there are seven such: (1) *Jahnam,* the abode of wicked Mahomedans, who will be released after a time on the intercession of Mahomed. (2) *Lazà* for the Christians. (3) *Hàtame* for the Jews, or, according to some, for the Brahmins. (4) *Sa'ir* for the idolators of Etiopia. (5) *Saqar* for the *Magi* or Parsees. (6) *Jahim* for the idolators. (7) *Havie* for all debtors and hypocrites. The horrors of hell are unbounded. The sinful burn there in eternal fire and there is no rescue; for from fire, they are transferred to *zumharir* or the coldest regions of the earth Mahomed has promised salvation to all his followers, and all imaginary things are said as regards the mode and time of salvation. It appears that the intercession of the prophet on behalf of the sinful will be by the permission of God, on the day of judgment only and not earlier, and that the intercession does not begin from the very date of the man's death; and so the sinful have to suffer after all in the grave till the day of resurrection. It is said that when dead bodies will revive on the third blast, all prophets will begin to look for the safety of their own souls, while Mahomed will cry out for his own followers in order to intercede in their behalf.

"Hell truly shall be a place of snares, the home of transgressors; no coolness shall they taste therein, nor any drink, save boiling water and running sores." "Hell-fire burnt a thousand years so that it became red, burnt another thousand years till it became white; after that it burnt a thousand years till it became black; then hell fire is black and dark, and never has any light."

## THE FOURTH GARDEN.

*On the Description of the Productiveness of the Trees of Charity and Liberality, and the Shedding of their Blossoms in the Shape of Gifts in Dinàrs and Derums.*

The moral of Charity is bestowing a thing which ought to be given, without observing self-interest or seeking a return thereof, whether that self-interest or (expectation of) return may take the form of elegant eulogium or ample reward.

Who is a charitable person? He from whom proceeds every act of charity for *God*. Whatever of beneficence and charity is for praise and reward, must be taken to be a purchase and sale (and not charity).

He, whose object in practising charity is to obtain fame in the world, is a citizen of the city of charity and of the town of liberality, with his house situated outside the gates of the city (i.e., he is only a nominal resident of that city).

I. They asked a liberal person: Do you feel any inward self-adoration, or do you feel you confer an obligation from what you bestow upon needy persons and shower upon beggars? He replied: Alas! My relation to my efforts (of charity) and to my liberality is that of a ladle in the hand of a cook. Although whatever that cook gives, passes through the medium of the ladle, yet how can the ladle presume to be (itself) the giver? [*Note.* The real giver is *God*; man is only an instrument therein.]

Although livelihood (of the poor) is (apparently) from the hands of a rich man, still the (real) giver thereof is *God*; (hence) it is not a happy thing that an obligation should lie on the heads of the consumers of this daily food from that *rich man*. The rich man is nothing but the cup and spoon of the couldron of food: it is better for the cup and the spoon to be void of all (idea of conferring) obligations.

II. A *Sufi* was describing something of another and was speaking by way of acquaintance and knowledge. He observed that such and such a person (when giving a banquet) is one adorning the table, (i.e., as good as a guest), and not keeping the the table, (i.e., a host), (i.e., he never shows that he is a host and putting obligations on guests, but thinks himself a guest and under the obligation of other guests). He regards himself as a

(mere) sharer on the table, not the king thereof. He is exactly like others eating at the table, nay, he regards himself as their (i.e., his guests') uninvited guest.

When a rich man sets out his table for the poor in his guest--house, he is but a child playing on the road if he does not consider himself to be their uninvited guest. [*Note. Tifl-i-rāh* in Sufism means one not yet initiated into divinity.]

III. An Arab came and sat quietly before the Commander of the Faithful *A'li*,—who is the Lord of the generous of all ancient and modern times,—may God be pleased with him and may God's grace be on his countenance! The drooping spirit of poverty and hunger was manifest on his forehead. The Commander of the Faithful asked him what his wants were. As he was ashamed to speak, he wrote on the ground that he was a destitute man. *A'li* gave him two coverings for the body as a present, and excepting these two (things), he was (at that time) possessed of nothing. The Arab used one of these as a mantle and the other as a loin-cloth. He then stood up, and recited some impromptu verses, full of the greatest eloquence and simple elegance, appropriate to the occasion. His Excellency the *Amir* liked this and gave him another present of 30 *dinārs*, which he had with him belonging to his sons *Hasan* and *Husain*,—Commanders of the Faithful,—may God be pleased with them! The Arab took these and said: O you Commander of the Faithful! You have made me richest of all members of my family, and saying this he went away. His Excellency the *Amir* observed that he had heard from His Excellency the Prophet, who said: The price of everything is as the (intrinsic) beauty therein, that is to say, the price of everything is in proportion to what adorns it of good actions and novel sayings.

The value of a man is not (to be ascertained) from his gold and silver: the value of a man is in proportion to his virtue. Many slaves there have been who, by acquiring virtue, had greater worth than their masters! And (similarly) many masters there have been who, on account of want of virtue, are without protection on the path of their slaves, (i.e., are at the disposal of their more intelligent slaves).

IV. It is related of *A'bdullā-Abn-Ja'far* that one day he resolved on a journey. Seeing a crowd of persons in a date-grove, he came down. A negro slave was the keeper of those (date) trees. Two loaves of bread were sent to this slave from a house. A dog was standing near him, and he threw one of these to

that dog. The dog ate it away, and the other loaf also being thrown to him, that too he ate away. *A'bdullà* asked him what his daily allowance was, to which he replied: What you (now) saw. Being asked why he did not offer that to his own self, he observed: This (dog) is a stranger in this our land. I think he has come from a great distance and is hungry, and I did not wish to leave him hungry. Being then asked as to what he would eat that day, he said that he would observe fast. *A'bdullà* said to himself: All people blame me for my liberality (as being carried to excess), while here is a slave more liberal than myself. He then purchased the slave and the date-grove, emancipated the slave and presented him with the date-grove.

Although a person, who, at the sacrifice of the dog of his own desire, throws a morsel or two to the soul of the dog, may be, for example, a slave, yet, (on account of such an act), rich persons ought to acknowledge themselves as his slaves.

V. * * *

VI. During the reign of *Moà'viah*, one thousand *derums* were annually given to *Abdullà Ja'far* from the royal treasury, but when came *Yazid's* turn (to the *Khalifat*), (i.e., when *Yazid* became *Khalif*), he augmented the sum to five thousand (For this) they reproached *Yazid* and said: On this money extends the claims of all *Musalmans*: why do you give that away to one individual only? He replied: (as a matter of fact) I give it to every needy person of *Madinah*, because he (*Jafa'r*) does not withhold anything of this money from the really indigent. A man was secretly sent after him to follow him to *Madinah*, and (it was found that) in the period of one month, he (*Ja'far*) disbursed the whole sum, so much so that he was obliged to incur debts out of need.

Even if the whole world falls at a time into the hand of a liberal man, what is the world to him, (i.e., it is too insignificant an object of charity), and what a hundred more such worlds? Since the purse of his liberality is the treasury of the dervish, why should the heart of the dervish be distracted by the grief (of poverty)?

VII. A *Khalif* of *Baghdàd* was with his retinue riding the horse of grandeur and pomp, when a *divàneh* encountered him and addressed him thus: O *Khalif*! draw in your reins, because I have composed three couplets in your praise. The *Khalif*

asked him to recite them, which he did. The *Khalif* was pleased. When the *divàneh* marked this, he observed: Bestow upon me 3 *derums*, so that I may eat butter and dates and eat my fill. The *Khalif* ordered a thousand *derums* to be given to him for every one couplet.

When the misery of hunger oppresses an eloquent man, it is allowable if he eulogises a liberal king. If the person praised is generous, it is meet for him to give a treasure of jewels for every couplet of the poetry.

VIII. *Abràhim Abn Sulimàn Abn A'bdul Malik* says: At the time when the *Khalàfat* passed from *Bani-Umayyah* to *Bani-al-A'bbàs* and when *Bani-al-A'bbàs* captured and killed *Bani-Umayyah*, I was sitting out-side *Kufah* on the terrace of a house over-hanging the desert. I saw black standards coming out of *Kufah*, and as it struck my mind that that company was coming forth in my search, I descended from the terrace. In *Kufah* then I knew nobody in whose house I may conceal myself. Reaching the gateway of a big house, I beheld at that time a handsome individual standing there on horseback, and surrounded by a crowd of slaves and servants. I went before him and saluted him. Being asked who I was and what my necessity was, I replied: I am a fugitive, and being in dread of my foe, I have sought refuge in your house. He took me to his house and kept me in a room adjoining his harem, (as being the safest position). I stayed there for some days in a most comfortable way, being provided with everything which I most liked of food, drink and clothes. He did not ask me anything. Every day he used to go once on a ride and come back. One day I asked him: Everyday I see you mounting your horse and returning soon. On what errand do you go? He replied: *Abràhim bin Sulimàn* has killed my father, and hearing that he is in concealment, I go out daily with the hope that I may find him out, and retaliate upon him my father's blood. When I heard these words from him I was amazed at my adversity, which thrust me, by chance, into the house of a man, who was searching to kill me. I became hopelessly wearied of my life. On asking that man his and his father's name, I found that he was speaking the truth. I (then) said: O liberal man! You have many claims (hanging) upon my responsibility, and it is (therefore) incumbent upon me to guide you to your enemy, and thus bring an end to this your practice of going and coming back (in his search). *I* am *Abràhim bin*

*Sulimàn*: avenge your father's blood upon me! He did not believe me, but only observed that I was weary of my life and wanted to be delivered from that misery, whereupon I said: No, by God! and repeated that I had killed him. I then gave him some indications, from which he knew that I was speaking the truth. The colour of his face gleamed (red), his eyes became bloodshot, and for a time he hung his head down. He then said: It may soon be that you may join my father (in the other world). But though he demands your blood (to be shed) in retribution for his, yet I will not nullify the refuge that I have given to you. Get up and go out, because I cannot restrain (lit., be secure against) my passion. May it not be that I do you harm. He said this and gave me a present of a 100 *dinàrs*, which I took and came away.

O young man, learn liberality! Learn manliness from manly persons of the world. Preserve your heart against the revengeful spirit of revengers, and preserve your tongue against the taunt of evil-speakers. Do good to him who has done you evil, because by that evil, he makes a breach in his own good fortune. If you adopt the principle of beneficence, that will re-act on nobody but yourself.

IX. One night the *Jàma'* mosque of Egypt cought fire and was burnt. The Mahomedans suspected that the Christians had done it, and so in retaliation they put to fire the houses of the Christians, and burnt them. The *Sultàn* of Egypt got those persons captured, who had put those houses on fire, and assembled them in one place. He ordered notes to be (made and) written, as many in number (as there were prisoners), on some to be written 'to kill,' on others, 'to cut off the hands,' while on the rest, 'to whip.' These notes were (then) distributed among them, and everyone, who picked a note, was dealt with according to the contents thereof. One person who got a note, the contents of which were 'to kill,' said: I am not afraid of being killed, but I have a mother who has no one (to depend on) but myself. By his side was another man, who had the note 'to whip.' He gave his own note to that man, himself taking his note, and said: I have no mother: kill me for him, and whip him instead of me. This was done.

With *gold* and *silver* you can practise liberality. Happy is the man who is liberal with his *life*! When he recognized that his friend needed his life, he sacrificed his own life to save that of his friend!

X. *Asma'i* says: I had friendship with a generous man, whose house I constantly visited with expectations of (receiving) obligations. Once when I went to his house, a keeper was seated there, who prevented me from going to him, and said: O *Asma'i*! The cause of my preventing you from going in is distress and poverty, which have come to him. I then wrote the following verses and gave them to the keeper to take them to him:

If a liberal man is behind the curtain (and thus inaccessible), where is the liberal man's superiority over the miser?

It was not long before the porter came out with a letter, on the back of which was written:

If a liberal man has little wealth, he conceals himself from his creditors behind the curtain.

And accompanying the letter was a bag containing 500 *dinàrs*. I said to myself: Never has a stranger circumstance happened to me; I shall (represent it and thus) make a present of it at the court of *Màmun*. When I went to *Màmun*, he asked me: O *Asma'i*! Whence do you come? I replied: From the most liberal of all Arab lords. He inquired who he was, to which I replied that he was a man, who had enriched me with his knowledge and wealth, and I put down on the ground before him that letter and that purse. When he saw the purse, his face grew red and he said: This is with the seal of my treasurer; I wish to call that man. I said: O *Amir*! I am ashamed lest fear should find way on his countenance, on account of your (sending) many officers (to fetch him). *Màmun* ordered one (only) of his courtiers to accompany *Asma'i* and to tell that man, when he saw him, that the *Amir* wanted him, without creating any disturbance in his mind. When that person arrived, *Màmun* said to him: Are you not that man, who came yesterday before us representing your poverty and hunger, and (on account of which) we gave you this purse (of money), so that you may spend it for your sustenance? And you have given that away to *Asma'i* for one couplet sent to you by him! He replied: By God, O *Amir*! When I represented my poverty and starvation I uttered no lie. But I did not wish that I should send back his courier excepting in the way in which, (i.e., without giving him that with which), the *Amir* sent me back. *Màmun* liked his words and ordered another sum of 1,000 *dinàrs* to be given to him. *Asma'i* said: O *Amir*! Join me also with him in this bounty, whereupon *Màmun* ordered it to be perfected by 1,000 *dinàrs* more, and enrolled that man in the circle of his courtiers.

When the hand of a liberal man remains empty of *derums*, it is meet if he shuts his door out of indigence. Moreover, the closing of entrance (to him) is the same as stopping the flow of *derums*. [*Note.* When a generous man shuts his door, it signifies that his bags are all empty.]

XI. They asked *Hàtem* whether he had seen any one more liberal than himself. He said: Yes. One day I alighted at the house of an orphan, who had ten sheep. Immediately he killed one, cooked it and brought it before me. One (particular) piece of meat thereof I liked more. I ate it and said: By God! *This* is very savoury. That boy went out, killed one sheep after another, cooked that particular joint and put it before me. And I was not aware of all this. But when I came out to ride away, I saw that a great quantity of blood was spilled outside the house, and on inquiring what it was, I was told that he had killed *all* his sheep. I reproached him for doing that, whereupon he said: God be praised! If you like a thing of which I am the owner, and if I practise parsimony therein, it would be a most abhorrent qualification among the Arabs. They then asked *Hàtem* what he gave that boy in return. He said: Three hundred red-haired camels and five hundred sheep. On this they observed whether he himself was not more liberal, to which he replied: Alas! He gave me *all* that he had, while I did not give him more than a *little* of what much I have.

When a beggar, who has only half a bread, gives it away *all* from his house, this is a greater act of charity than the giving away of *half* his treasure, by a king of the world.

XII. A poet came to the house of *Ma'an Zàhed* with the expectation of some benefit. He went there for some days, but could not get an audience. (One day) he entered his garden, and requested the gardener to inform him when *Ma'an* came to the garden and sat near the pond. When that time arrived, the gardener informed him accordingly. The poet composed the following verses, wrote them on a piece of wood and threw that into the water:

O the liberality of *Ma'an* is our crown in our needs! Excepting *Ma'an* I have no intercessor (in my poverty).

When that board reached *Ma'an*, he ordered it to be taken out, and on reading that he called the poet, gave him ten bags of gold, and put that board under his carpet. The next

day he pulled out the board from below his carpet, read it, then called the poet and gave him 100,000 *derums* more. On the third day also he acted in that precise way. The The poet was afraid lest he (*Ma'an*) may repent, and take back what was given to him, and so he fled away. When on the fourth day he again took out that piece of wood and sent for the poet, he was not to be found, whereupon *Ma'an* observed: It was incumbent upon the responsibility of my liberality to give him presents till not a *derum* remained in my treasury: but *he* had not the capacity to receive them, (i. e., his expectations could not reach, and his imagination could not conceive, the high pitch of my generosity).

Who is a liberal man? He who, when a mendicant brings to his door as great hopes as can be contained in his heart, opens the hand of bounty and bestows upon him so much, that it cannot be contained even in the mendicant's capacity of desire.

XIII. An Arab composed a *Qasidah* to welcome the arrival of a great man of the Arab princes. He recited it before him and ended it thus:

Stretch out that your hand to me, the palm whereof is habituated to the distribution of gold and wealth, and the back whereof is kissed by needy and beggarly people, (being the part turned towards them in the act of giving).

That nobleman extended his hand to him, and when the poet kissed it, the former said by way of joke that the hairs on his lips had scratched his hand. (Upon this) the poet observed: What harm can the hard bristles of a porcupine inflict on the claws of a formidable lion? The nobleman liked these words and observed that those words came pleasanter to him than that *Qasidah*. He ordered 1,000 *derums* to be given to him for the *Qasidah*, and 3,000 *derums* for those words.

If that person who, by means of his eulogy, exalts you above the sky, is not an intelligent person, he is the meanest of all. Do you know who is a man skilled in words? That one, who discerns bad from good, and good from better (expressions).

*Notes on the Fourth Garden.*

*Tafail.* He was a man, who went uninvited to festivals and pleasure-parties. The guests thinking that he was a friend of the host, and the host thinking that he was some friend of a guest, honoured him very much, till one day the true circumstance was discovered. Hence the word has come to mean an uninvited guest.

It is said that when *A'li* was born, his face turned towards *Mahomed* the very moment it came out of his mother's womb. Hence the benediction of God upon his *face.*

*Divàneh,* literally, a mad man, was generally the name given to a certain class of *Sufis,* who really were doing excellent work in the world under the direct orders and superintendence of God, but who outwardly put on all the appearance and guise of madmen.

THE

# BEHÀRISTÀN

-I-

# JÀMI.

*PART II.*

# PREFACE.

WHILE translating the first part of this work, I was fully conscious of the extremely erroneous nature of the text, and before this translation went to the press, I had done all that lay in my power to secure a correct copy of the same. Unfortunately, however, no trace could be found of any such correct copy, and not feeling myself bold enough to make my own corrections, I translated the text as I found it. But soon after the first part was out, I received a letter from Syed Siraj-ud-din Moulvi Esq. B.A., Professor of Persian and Arabic at the Deccan College, Poona, shortly criticizing my work, and, from further correspondence, I learnt that he had in his possession a manuscript copy of the the text written in Bombay in 1245 A. H. by Mirza Mahomed Husain Khan for his uncle Mirza Mahomed Khan, son of Nawab Mirza Mahdi Ali Khan Khorasani, and what delighted me more was that the professor volunteered to help me in my work by putting this manuscript copy at my disposal, if I went to him at Poona. The result has been that not only is the second part quite free from the blemishes attaching to the first and arising from the misprints in the text, but the first part also has undergone a most scrupulous revision under his care. I have to express my best thanks to Mr. Moulvi, whose readiness to aid those, who work in the field of Persian Literature, and whose systematic efforts to subscribe something substantial to the scanty funds of that literature, are in glaring contrast with the timidity and diffidence of those, who pose as Persian scholars, but venture to do nothing lest they should endanger their reputation thereby.

S. F. M.

MARINE LINES, BOMBAY.

25$^{th}$ *June*, 1900.

# THE SEVENTH GARDEN.

*On the History of the Rhyming Birds of the Orchards of Poetry and the Ode-Singing Parrots of the Sugar-land of Versification.*

Poetry, according to the phraseology of ancient philosophers, was a discourse composed of pre-conceived (imaginary) premises, its function being to put an idea into the imagination of the hearer: no matter whether it caused acceptance of a particular thing or rejection of the same, or whether it was substantially true or not, and whether a hearer was truly convinced or not; as for instance, when wine is spoken of as molten ruby or flowing sapphire or when honey is spoken of as bitter or vomited out by bees. Modern philosophers, in addition to that, have attached importance to *measure* and *rhyme*, though in the opinion of the majority *measure* and *rhyme* alone are worthy of consideration, (thus discarding *imagination* altogether). Thus poetry is a metrical rythmical composition, the presence or absence of imagination and reality being not of much importance.

There is no beloved like measured discourse: the secret of its beauty lies in its down. Regarding it, it is hard to be patient and difficult to be solaced, especially when it attempts to carry away hearts with it. It puts on its body a proud robe of *wazn* and fringes its skirt with *qàfiah*. It adorns its feet with the anklets of *radif*, and adds the mole of imagination on its forehead. It illumines (shows pompously) its face like the moon by means of *tashbiih*, thereby depriving hundreds of distracted ones of their reason. It splits the hair of *tajnis*, and, without a head, braids ringlets. It makes its lips pour jewels by means of *tarsee'* and adorns the musky locks with pendants of jewels. It winks its eye through *eehàm*, thereby exciting sedition in the crowd of fancy. It paints its face with the inscription of *majàz* and brings forth realities from behind the curtain. [Note very carefully all the figures of speech and terms of prosody in the above passage.]

And because God has purified the miracle-fringed words of the *Qorân* from the pollution of the charge of (its being mere) poetry, by the "not" of negation: "It is *not* the discourse of a poet," and because He has lifted the standard of the eloquence of its advent above the nadir of filthy contamination by

saying: "We have not taught him poetry, nor is it expedient for him to be a poet," it is not to confirm this statement that poetry in its own nature is a work deserving reproof, and that the poet, on account of his writing verses, is to be blamed and accursed, but it is aimed at (*lit.*, in consequence of) this, that persons defective in poetic talents may not consider the verses of the *Qoràn* as sustained by poetic disposition, and refractory infidels may not give the Prophet a place in the crowd of poets. [NOTE.—The *Qoràn* is the result of divine inspiration, not of any human efforts.] Nay, the above is the clearest proof as to the exalted position of poetry and poets, and the high dignity of magic-creating versifiers. [*Vide* notes at the end of the Chapter.]

Look at the dignity of poetry, that when they denied the virtue of Messengership in the Prophet, they accused him of being a mere poet in order that they may lay the *Qoràn* open to correction (as being of human origin). [NOTE.—This makes poetry rank with inspiration.]

Poetry is of various kinds, such as *qasideh*, *ghazal*, *masnavi*, *qata'*, *rubài*, &c., and poets have bestowed close application to these in different degrees. It is believed that some of them composed all kinds of poetry, while others are of that class, who bestowed greater attention to (the cultivation of) some of these only. For instance, among ancient poets, the energy of some of them was devoted to the composition of idylls, panegyrics and moral poems, &c., while the energy of others was directed towards *masnavi*, contrary to the practice of modern poets, whose poetry is mostly confined to the domain of *ghazal*. The number of this class is incomputable, and a detailed description of all of these would transgress all laws of comprehension. Consequently we shall confine ourselves to the mention of some of the celebrated ones only.

**1. Rudaki.**—He is one of the poets of Transoxiana, and was born blind. But so talented and intelligent was he that at the age of eight he knew by heart the whole of the *Qoràn-i-Sharif* and learnt how to read it in the various ways and began to compose poetry. Possessing as he did a sweet voice, he took to music and learnt how to play on the flute, in which instrument he attained proficiency. *Nasr-bin-Ahmed* of the *Sàmàni* dynasty patronized him. It is said that he possessed two hundred slaves, that four hundred camels carried the load

of his baggage, and that after him no other poet enjoyed so much opulence. His poems fill one hundred books, the responsibility of which assertion is on the historian (who has mentioned that). It is mentioned in *Sharah Yamani* that his poetry numbers 1,000,300 couplets. The following is an extract from his verses on the praise of wine:

Whoever beheld that cornelian-like wine could not distinguish it from a melted cornelian. Both are of one essence, but in their natural condition, one is found in a solid (congealed), and the other in a liquid (melted), state. It dyes the hand without being rubbed, and it is blessed and praised before being tasted.

He says in admonition: Time gave me advice in a free manner; if you watch Time minutely, (you will find that) it is all admonition. It said: Do not pine over the happy days of others, (because) there are many persons longing to have *your* days, (*i.e.*, aspiring for that happiness with which you are not content).

It is so recorded in some chronicles that *Nasr-bin-Ahmad* came from *Bokhàrà* to *Marv-i-Shah-Jehan* and alighted there. When the period of his halt (*lit.*, delay) was protracted there, the heart of the courtiers was attracted to *Bokhàrà* and its palaces and gardens. They asked of him some choice thing, that he might compose some verses to create in the king an excessive desire and inclination for *Bokhàrà*, and sing them at an opportune time in symphony with the harp. In the morning, when the king had drunk his morning draught, he tuned the following verses to the accompaniment of the harp and thus sang:

Remembrance of the stream of *Mulliàn* is coming; the scent of the kind beloved is recurring! The sand of *Amou* and its alluvion feel soft as embroidered silk under the feet! The water of *Jaihun* and its deep eddies reach the crupper of our steeds. O *Bokhàrà*, rejoice and live long! The king is coming to you as a guest! The king is the moon and *Bokhàrà* the sky; the moon is coming on the sky! The king is the cypress and *Bokhàrà* the garden; the cypress is coming towards the garden!

This had such an effect on his soul that with (only) a shirt and a pair of slippers he mounted his horse and rode there without a halt.

In several histories this story is attributed to (*i.e.*, men tioned in connection with) *Sultan Sanjar* and *Amir Moa'zzi:* and God knows best !

**2. Daqiqi.**—He is one of the early poets and flourished during the sway of the *Sàmànian* dynasty. He commenced the *Shàh-nàmeh* and composed about 8,000 verses and *Firdusi* completed it. These two couplets are from his poetry :

Amongst all men I selected one of a *peri* (noble and beautiful) origin as a friend, hence she vanished now from my sight as a *peri* (fairy). The army departed and the army-defeating chief accompanied it: may there be none who will attach his heart to a common soldier !

I waited here long and became contemptible; a dear one (even) becomes despicable by a long continued stay. When water remains long in a pool it becomes putrid by continued stagnation.

**3. A'marah.**—He is also one of the early poets and flourished under the sway of the *Sàmànides.* His disposition was pleasant and his versification inviting. The following two couplets are from his poetic collections :

Although the world was for some time silvery with snow (winter), the emerald (verdure of spring) arrived and took the place of the snow-hill. In spring the Cashmerian picture-gallery painted in the garden all its figures with vermilion.

And this *Qata'* also is his :

Do not be deceived by this that the world has exalted you, (because) there is many a great man in no time debased by it. The world is a serpent and the man who courts it is a snake-catcher; sometimes the snake destroys the snake-catcher.

It is narrated in the *Maqàmàt* of the King of Sufism *Abu Sa'id Abul Khair* that one day a musician recited the following couplet in his presence :

I shall conceal myself under my *ghazal,* so that I may kiss your lips (whenever the *ghazal* flows from your lips). Recite it well !

The *Shaikh* was pleased and asked him who had composed that poetry. He was told that it was *A'mdrah's*. He told his disciples to get up so that they might pay him (his tomb) a visit, and with a company of his disciples he went to visit him.

**4. A'nsari.**—He was the foremost of the poets of his time, and *Yaminud Dawlàh Mahmud Sabaktagin* conferred on him the title of *Mullà* by way of approbation, and this couplet in his (*Mahmud's*) praise is from his poetry:

You are that king for whom, in the East and the West, the Jews, Guebres, Christians and Moslems all chant and pray: "Oh God, make his (*Mahmud's*) end *mahmud* (*i.e.*, laudable)!"

This *Rubài* is another poem of his:

Your ringlets have taken their black colour from your (cruel) heart, and have swept away fidelity, love and modesty from your heart. In order that the corselet of panther may not disappear from your (stony) heart, they carry wax from my (melted) heart, and stone from that (stony) heart of yours.

It is said that he wrote numerous *mawash-sheh masnavis*, interspersed with panegyrics of the above-mentioned king, one of which bears the title of *Wàmiq-o-A'zrà*, but of which no trace is left.

**5. A'sjadi.**—He came from *Marv* and was one of the attendants of *Yaminud Dawlàh Mahmud Sabaktagin*. He has written a *qasideh* in congratulation of his conquest of *Hindustàn*, the opening couplet of which is:

When the intelligent (*lit.*, critical or minutely discerning) king travelled to *Sumnàt*, he made his achievement the very banner of miracles.

He thus describes a melon:

It is of the colour of topaz, of musky odour, and in taste of the taste of honey; it has the hue of brocade, and it has fragrance as that of fresh aloe. When you cut it into slices, every one of them presents the appearance of the crescent: and if you do not cut it, in its entirety it is like the full moon.

**6. Farrakhi.**—He also lived in the reign of *Sultàn Mahmud* by the benefits of whose bounties he accumulated great wealth. He resolved to see *Samarqand*. When he approached

that territory, highwaymen robbed him of all that he had. He entered *Samarqand*, but did not disclose himself. He stopped there for several days, composed the following *Qata'* and came back:

I saw every one of the delights of *Samarqand* and beheld its gardens, meadows, valleys and plains. But as my purse and pocket were empty of *derams*, my heart folded the carpet of pleasure from the court of hope, (*i.e.*, I gave up all hopes of enjoyment). In every city I had many times heard from many learned men that there is but one *Kavsar* and eight paradises. (But at *Samarqand*) I saw a thousand *Kavsars* and a thousand more paradises, though these were to me of no avail, as I had to go back with thirsty lips (having no money to enjoy them). When the eye sees delightful things, but there is no money in the hand, it is like a trunkless head in a golden basin.

**7. Firdusi.**—He came from *Tus* and his excellence, renown and perfection are well known. Yes, what need is there of the panegyrics of others to that man who has composed verses as those of the *Shàh-nàmeh?* It is said that he was employed in husbandry, and some injustice having been inflicted on him, he marched towards *Ghaznin*, the seat of *Sultàn Mahmud*, with the intention of lodging a complaint there. After reaching that place he was passing through its garden, when he saw that three persons were sitting there and drowned in perfect enjoyment. Coming to know that they were the attendants of the king, he said to himself: I shall go to them and acquaint them with the circumstances of my state. When he reached them, they were scared and said to one another: This man will mar our pleasures (*lit.*, assembly); nothing can be better than to say, when he comes to us, that we are poets of the court, and that we do not associate with anybody except poets; and we shall recite three hemistichs (rhyming of course) to which there may not be a (corresponding) fourth (rhyming) one. Then we shall say that we shall associate with him only who can put in the fourth hemistich, otherwise we must be excused (and left alone). When *Firdusi* came up to them, they told him what they had concerted. *Firdusi* asked them to recite those hemistichs of which they spoke:

*An'sari* recited: The moon cannot be so brilliant (*ravshan*) as your face:

*A'sjadi* recited: There can be no rose in the rose-garden (*gulshan*) like your face:

*Farrukhi* recited: Your eyelashes pierce even through an armour (*jaushan*):

*Firdusi* continued: Like the spear of *Giv* in his fight with *Pashan*."

[NOTE.—For the better understanding of this narration, it must be noted that the three poets were ignorant of the names of Persian warriors, and hence it was that they were thus taken by surprise when *Firdusi* mentioned the names of warriors like *Giv* and *Pashan*.]

They were surprised at these words and made inquiries about the episode of *Giv* and *Pashan*, which he narrated circumstantially. Afterwards when he happened to visit the king's assembly, he was favoured by the sight of the *Sultàn*, who said to him: You have made a heaven (*firdus*) of our assembly: whereupon the poet adopted *Firdusi* as his *nom-de-plume*. Some time afterwards he was commissioned to write the *Shàh-nàmeh*. He composed 1,000 verses and brought them before the king, who rewarded him with 1,000 gold *dinàrs*. He then completed the *Shàh-nàmeh* in the course of thirty years, produced it before the king and expected, in accordance with the precedent that was established before, one gold *dinàr* for every one couplet. But envious persons deliberated and said: What worth has the poet, that he should be exalted by this great favour? and the gift was fixed to 60,000 *derums* (only). *Firdusi* was disgusted thereby. It is said that when those *derums* were brought to him he was in a public bath. When he came out, he gave 20,000 *derums* to the keeper of the bath, 20,000 to the seller of syrup, who had served him with syrup, and 20,000 to those who brought these *derums*, and satired the king in about 40 verses. The following are some of these:

If the king's father was a king, he would have placed on my head a golden crown: and if the king's mother was a noble lady, I should have been (buried) in gold and silver up to my knees. There being no greatness (inherent) in his family, he could not brook to hear the name of great men. If the tree, the nature whereof is bitter, be planted in the garden of paradise, and if, at the time of watering it, you pour into its roots honey and pure milk from the rivers of paradise,

in the end, the (bitter) essence will manifest itself, and the tree will yield the same bitter fruits. Do not entertain hopes (of goodness) from a base-born person: the negro cannot become white by washing. One descended from a slave will be of no utility, (incapabale of doing any good), although he may be the son of a king. [NOTE.—*Mahmud Ghaznavi* was descended from a slave.]

He then concealed himself, and however much they sought him he could not be found. After a time *Khàjeh Hasan Maimandi*, who held the post of *Vazir*, recited in a hunting place several verses from the *Shàh-nàmeh* appropriate to an occasion, which had happened there. The *Sultàn* liked them much, and on asking him whose verses they were, he was told that they were *Firdusi's*. The *Sultàn* repented of what he had done, and ordered 60,000 gold *dinàrs*, with special robes of honour, to be assigned to *Firdusi*, and to be sent to *Tus*. Fates, however, were not propitious. It is related that when they were bringing the royal presents to *Tus* from one gate thereof, the bier of *Firdusi* was being carried out by the other gate. One daughter survived him as his heiress to whom the gifts were offered, but she magnanimously declined to accept them. She said: I have enough property and wealth to sufficiently maintain myself; I do not stand in need of these (presents). The commissioners spent that money in the building of a public inn in its vicinity.

It is a happy thing to recognize worth, because, when the vaulted sky at last put the arrow of misfortune on the bow (and darted it), the glory of *Mahmud* departed, and nothing remained in the world except this story that he did not recognize *Firdusi's* worth.

**8. Nasar Khusru.**—He was proficient in the art of poetry and perfect in philosophical methods, but he was accused of heresy, impiety (as believing in the *two* Principals of Light and Darkness) and polytheism. He has composed *Safar-nàmeh*, a book of travels, as he travelled in most of the habited countries, and there strung in poetry the conversations which he had with the notables of those places. And the following couplets are from his poems which *A'inul Quzàt* has written in his book of *Zubdat-ul-Haqàyàq*:

All my oppression is from the *Bulgharians* and I must bear it as long as I can. It is not even the fault of the *Bulgharians*: I will tell you if you can hear me. O God

All this calamity and sedition is from you, but nobody dares to quarrel (with you). They bring Turks from *Balghar*, (only) in order to (expose the weakness of men and) dishonour them. You ought not to have made the lips and teeth of those moon-like beautiful slaves with such beauty, because from the love of their lips and teeth one is in grief.

**9. Arzaqi.**—He was proficient in the laws of poetry and wisdom and perfect in the principles of science and philosophy.

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The following is his description of *Wine*:

O cup-bearer! Bring that ruby-like wine from the effulgence whereof imagination will become a tulip-garden and the eye a rose-garden. If a fairy passes in the night through its rays, (even) she then cannot hide herself from the sight of men, (so powerful are its rays). It is more fragrant than amber, more beautiful-coloured than cornelian, more brilliant than the star, and purer than the spirit.

**10. Moa'zzi.**—He flourished in the reign of King *Sanjar-bin-Malek-Shah*, entitled "the great in religion and world," and was one of his panegyrists. His name (*Moa'zzi*) is to be referred to this king's name (*Moa'zzud-din* &c.), and few poets will attain that high esteem and exalted dignity which he did in his time. It is said that three poets attained good fortune and met with approbation in three dynasties, such as no other poet attained or met with: *Rudaki* under the *Sàmànian* dynasty, *A'nsari* under the *Mahmudiàn* and *Moa'zzi* under the *Sanjariàn*. The cause of his death was that one day the *Sultàn* was darting an arrow from within his tent, and he was standing outside the tent. Accidentally the arrow, missing its mark, struck him, and he fell down and died on the spot. The following are some of his verses:

When my idol planted a hedge of hyacinth (ringlets) round the garden (face), she put the brand of envy on the heart of the painters of China. Every heart, which, out of refractoriness, did not bow down obediently to the writing (of command), now bends down before the musky (streak of) down below her ringlets. I am the slave of that streak of verdure, which, you may say, is a line drawn by a small ant walking on the petal of a wild rose with its feet soiled with musk.

The following are his verses from a *Qasideh* replete with the style of Arab poets:

O camel-driver! Do not halt anywhere except in my beloved's city, so that I may weep for a time over my mansion, its ruins and its debris. I will make the mansion swim in blood from (the blood of) my heart, and make the ruins a *Jaihun*, (*i. e.*, change them into a river of blood), and from the tears of my eyes I will make the soil of the debris rose-coloured, (*i. e.*, I will shed tears of blood). I see the palace empty of the face of my beloved of the pavilion, and I find the garden without that stature straight as the cypress. That place, where there was that heart-ravisher with friends in the garden, has become the home of the wolf and the fox and the nest of owls and vultures.

**11. A'bdul Wasa' Jabali.** He was a perfect literary man and a proficient poet, and has written verses both in the Persian and Arabic languages. And it is agreed on all hands that nobody has ever come equal, as it should be, to (*lit.*, got out of the obligation of) his celebrated *Qasideh*, the opening hemistich of which is:

Who has got a beloved like you, an idol intelligent and heart-ravishing?

And in the opening of some *Qasàyad* he has said:

In the world there is no idol more heart-burning than you: in the city there is no boy more heart-inflaming than you: Ever since I saw your blooming tulip, ever since I saw your drowsy narcissus, sometimes I am like that tulip with a blooming face owing to your union, and sometimes, owing to your separation, I have my head downcast like the narcissus. [*Vide* notes at the end of the Chapter.]

**12. Adib-i-Sabir Termizi.** He was an eloquent poet and a learned scientist, and no person has in response outrivalled him in a fair degree, (*lit.*, come out of the responsibility of an answer). His couplets and verses are most elegant and sweet, and learned men acknowledge his superiority. For instance, *Anwari* places him above himself when in a *Qata'* he enumerates his own perfections and says in the end:

Leave all these things aside. I stand alone (distinguished) in poetry when at last I approach *Sanàyi*, although I am not equal to *Sàbir*.

The following are some of his verses :

O you, whose face is (beautiful) like Paradise and your lips (sweet) like *Salsabil*, my life and my heart are sacrificed to your Paradise and your *Salsabil* ! My heart became devoted to your Love, because it is through devotion that Paradise and *Salsabil* can be obtained ! How can Venus shed its lustre before your forehead : how can the Sun be beauteous before your lustre? You are the *Baghdàd* of Beauty and the Egypt of comeliness, and my eye, (which is shedding water), is like the Tigris to *Baghdàd* and like the Nile to Egypt. On account of the load of the misery of your separation, my stature has become (as lean as) the pith of a reed : on account of the blow at the hand of Love, my cheek has become like indigo (black and blue with sores).

The following *Qata'* is one of his poems :

O boy ! the inkstand is the instrument of wealth, go and tame your fiery fortune (by means of this instrument). When you wish to make a fortune out of the inkstand, join *alif* with *te*, and make a *làm* thereout. [*Note*.—The last two letters *alif* and *te* of the word *dawàt*, which are written separately, read *làm* and *te* when joined, and thus form the last two letters of the word *dawlat*, while the first two letters do not vary.]

**13. Anwari.** He was a learned philosopher and a proficient elocutionist. His beautiful poetry and his artful versification are only minor indications of his high attainment, and contain little of the beauty of his perfection. His verses are celebrated and a *diwàn* (or collection of his works) has been made. Of his elegant verses the following is a *Qata'* herein inserted, composed as advice to poets :

Last night a lover asked me whether I sang *ghazals*, to which I replied: I have abandoned singing panegyrics and satires too. He asked me why, to which I replied : That time (when I sang these) I was going astray : the occasion once gone does not come back from nonentity. I sang all the three, *ghazals* panegyrics and satires, because I was impelled by *avarice*,

*anger* and *passion* in addition. That one (*i. e., passion*) was night after night (plunged) in grief and meditation, in order to Praise sugar-like lips and curled ringlets. The second (*i.e., avarice*) was day after day under this misery and affliction as to how to acquire five *derams* and whence and from whom. And the third (*i. e., anger*) was like a worried dog, who would be consoled only when it succeeded in getting hold of a sarcastic term, more despicable than the former one. When God has, out of mercy, driven away these three hungry dogs from the head of me who am a humble slave, God forbid that I should any more compose a *ghazal*, panegyric or satire. Enough have I done violence to my mind and tortured my good sense ! O *Anwari !* To boast is not the way of great men ; if you have already boasted, at least watch your steps (*now*) like a man. Retire into a corner and seek the path of salvation, because these two or three moments will not last long.

It is said that it was brought to the notice of the king of *Ghur* that *Anwari* had lampooned him. He wrote to the king of *Herât* and sent for *Anwari*, towards whom he made demonstrations of friendship and kindness, though his real object was to avenge himself upon him. The king of *Herât* saw through it by means of his sagacity. He did not write that down in plain words, but in the letter which he wrote sending for *Anwari* he inserted the following couplets :

Lo ! The world speaks to those who meet her : Beware of my violence and fury ! Let not the length of my smiles deceive you. My word excites laughter and my deed makes them weep.

*Anwari* penetrated through it owing to his nice discerning powers and caused the king of *Herât* to abstain from that requisition. A second time the king of *Ghur* sent for him and promised a thousand sheep to the king of *Herât* in return. The king deputed some one to *Anwari* with a message that somehow or other he ought to go to *Ghur*, as he was promised one thousand sheep in return for him. *Anwari* observed : O king ! That man, who is worth a thousand sheep, is not worth only a trifle to you, (*i. e.*, is worth much to you). Leave me here so that I may pass the rest of my life (as one) in the chain of your servants and sprinkle at your feet jewels of panegyries. The king of *Herât* liked these words and sheltered him.

**14. Rashid-i-Watwat.**—He was one of the poets of Transoxiana, and in his own age he was the master of eminent poets and the leader of that circle. The book of *Hadàyaqul Sahar* is his composition. In address to some one of the *vazirs* he says:

You are a *vazir* and I am your panegyrist: you see my hands without gifts and you allow it. You leave your *vazirship* to me and praise me, and you will see that you are rewarded.

And the following *Rubà'i* also is an offspring of his genius.

I have eyes full of the image of the beloved; this vision is a happy one to me inasmuch as the beloved is therein. And it is not good to distinguish between the eye and the beloved; either the beloved is the eye or the eye is the beloved herself.

O moon! I left this fleeting world, thinking of you, and you are ignorant of this! I abandoned everything and retired into a corner; when I pass my life without you, it will pass away in the same manner with others, (*i. e.*, in sadness).

**15. A'ma'q-i-Bukhari.**—He is also one of the poets of Transoxiana, and the chief of the poets of his age. And these few verses, which he has sung in the beginning of one of his *Qasàyad*, are extremely sweet and novel:

If an ant can compose verses, and if a hair can possess life *I* am that versifying ant, *I* am that life-possessing hair. My body is (lean) like the shadow of a hair, and my heart is (small) like the eye of ants, on account of the separation of one (*i. e.*, beloved) with perfumed hair, (and) with waist as narrow (and beautiful) as that of an ant. If I associate with a hair or an ant night and day, the hair will not be aware of my existence nor will the ant find any trace of me. On account of my excessive lamentations and (the consequent) debility, I may be contained in the body of a hair: an ant can conceal me in its eye if it so wishes. On account of weeping I am (grown as lean as) that ant, whom a hair can conceal; out of debility, I am (like) that hair, which is leaner than an ant. [Note the figures of speech in these lines.]

**16. Suzani.**—He came from *Nasf* and went to *Bokhàrà* for (literary) acquirements. He fell in love with an apprentice of a needle-maker, enrolled himself as an apprentice to his master and obtained total proficiency therein. Humour predomi-

nated in his temperament, and consequently he has composed many drolleries. The following two couplets are from his *Qasideh*, in which he thus speaks as an apology thereof:

How long shall we throw stones at the glass of the house of devotion, on account of the revolution of the glass-coloured sphere? It is we who throw stones at the glass, and it is we ourselves who then bring accusations against the glass-coloured sphere!

And the following few verses are from his *Qasideh*:

I am a thousand times worse than what you think of me: nobody knows me to the extent that I know myself. Outwardly I am a bad man, inwardly I am still worse: God and myself know my ins and outs. Satan was (formerly) my guide to one venial sin: I am now guiding Satan to a hundred heinous crimes.

In another *Qasideh* he goes on in the following fashion:

O crusader! When you dart the arrow of your blandishments with pride and coquetry, make my poor heart the target thereof, (*i. e.*, make blandishments with me) In the first place, I came in to play with my *heart*, now when that heart is not in the body (but is snatched away by you), I submit (agree) to play with my *life*. O beloved! Since the blow of your arrow is not without its soothing effect, you strike me with (the arrow of) your blandishment, or rejoice me with a kiss. * * * * *

And he has written a *Qasideh* in praise of *Hamid-ud-din Mastufi Javhari*, one of the learned men of Transoxiana, the opening hemistich whereof runs as follows:

Seek a long life for associating with the good furtune of *Hamid-ud-din*.

And it is obvious that it will not be void of elegance if regarding those words, the syllables whereof fall in different hemistichs, it is so observed that some of those syllables are in themselves employed to convey a desired meaning, as occurs in the following *Qata'*:

Yesterday an acute genius of the circle of the learned sent me a *Qata'*, three or four words therein having been split (into syllables), so that I may be thereby rendered helpless from replying thereto.

(However) I wrote in reply:

O you glorious one (*mafà+khar*) of God's creation and the judge of the needs (*hà+jàt*) of the men of learning and excellences (*fazà+làt*), I pray much for you! [NOTE.—If the syllables themselves are translated as they stand, the second hemistich will be: Thou art an ass (*khar*) in the creation of God. The fourth hemistich will similarly be: I pray that you may receive many kicks (*làt*).]

O you the joy of my holiday! When I am confined in this prison of sorrow according to the desire of the heart of my enemies (*a'+dà*), I am excused (*ma'+zur*) by pious persons (if I do not visit you); but if you are at large I expect a pious gift (*mah+busi*) from you according to the custom of the holiday. [Mark the different meanings arising from reading the syllables in the second and fourth hemistichs by themselves as they stand.]

**17. Khaqani Sherwani.**—On account of the perfection, which he attained in the art of poetry, he is given the title of *Hissànul A'jm*. He is distinguished from all poets by the peculiar style of his poetry and is without an equal in that novel method. He treaded the path of (*i. e.*, imitated) *Hakim Sanài* in sermons and philosophies, and carried away the ball of superiority from all his compeers in that matter.

In the following *Qata'* he speaks by way of self-glorification:

I am an innovating poet: the banquet of sublime realities is mine; *A'nsari* and *Rudaki* are pickers of crumb from my table. My name is living, like the sage's soul, out of freshness; my greed, on account of its littleness, has disappeared like the generous man's wealth.

*Rashid-i-Watwàt* has sung in his praise:

O you the sun and the moon of the sphere of Dignity! And O you counsellor to the throne of excellence! The foremost in religion! The father of virtues! A philosopher who augments faith and curtails heresy!

The following are his *Qata's:*

O *Khàqàni*! cease to make love with beauties, as reason is thereby muddled. Forms of beauties, when seen well, resemble a mirror, whose outside is clear, but whose inside is dark.

He has written a *masnavi* called *Tuhfat-ul-A'raqain* and the following couplets are extracted therefrom :

We are the melancholy spectators of this green round box (of the heavenly sphere) and this earthly shell : as long as these box and shell are in their (proper) place, they will open the top of the purse of life. And this is strange that on the expanse of the universe the shell is stationary while the box is revolving. They are wonderful magicians; at one time they bring forth ermine (bright day), and at another they exhibit sable (dark night). The moment has come for Time to approach its end and for the flood of annihilation to pass. The moment has come for the four elements to throw down the litter of month and year. The moment has come for the steeds of stars to cast off their shoes and hoofs. [Vide notes at the end of the chapter.]

**18. Fakhr-i-Jorjani.**—He was one of the most eminent and learned men of time. His poem *Wais-o-Ràmin* is a standard work, showing (measuring) his perfect learning and depth of thought. It is nowhere to be found now. The following verses are reproduced from different places :

It has been well said by conquerors of the world, that an engagement appears to be an easy affair when seen from a distance only.

I am not in possession of that golden tray, into which (one day) my enemy may see my (own) blood.

A viper brings forth nothing else but a viper; a bad plant yields a bad fruit.

When travelling is not pleasant in healthy days, how unpleasant will it be during illness and langour!

To see a narcissus flower affords pleasure, but it is bitter in taste.

To hide facts from men is a sin, but it is far better than to say what has never happened.

A sovereign is like fire; fire is invariably obstinate in its nature. Though you possess the strength of an elephant and the (fiery) disposition of a tiger, do not grapple with burning fire.

**19. Zahir-i-Faryabi.**—He is one of the celebrities of the world, and one of the most learned men of times. The whole of his *Diwàn* is agreeable and pleasing, on account of its purity and elegance of diction; and his *Diwàn* is well-known and his verses are on (all men's) tongue. He obtained honours in the reign of *Atàbek Abubakr*. One night he sang the following *Rubài* in his court:

O you, the prayers of angels are blessings for (the safety of) your head! To the world, there is no other chief (who can be substituted) in your place. The scabbard of your sword thus addressed your enemy: Let the secret of my heart (*i.e.*, the blade) be sacrificed to your head!

The king ordered 1,000 *dinàrs* of pure gold to be presented to him in the court, and in return for this he recited the following *Rubà'i*:

O king! From you kingdom and religion are in order, and from your justice the life of tyranny and sedition is in agony. Under your rule the *Ràfezi* and the *Sunni* have each agreed that *Abubakr* is the rightful king, (*i.e.*, there is no difference of opinion as to this, even among dissenting sects).

And the following few are from his elegant verses in the form of *masnavi*:

A learned man said from the top of the pulpit: When the Hidden Abode will become manifest, God will forgive black beards their sins for the sake of white beards. Then the black beard will be, on the Day of Hope, under the protection of the white beard. A man with a reddish beard was present there, and he touched it with his hand when he heard that. He then exclaimed: Are *we* not (then) taken into any such consideration? Are we good for nothing in both the worlds?

His perfection in the art of versification is to such a degree, that eminent poets are not agreed as to whom to yield preference between him and *Anwari*. Thus some have, by way of query, said to others:

O you glorious on earth, who are, on the sky of excellence, like the moon of an auspicious form and of the face of the sun! One class of assayers prefers the verses of *Zahir* to the verses of *Anwari*: another class refuses to believe in any such assertion; in short, they are quarrelling and wrangling. O you, under whose gem is the domain of poetry, say whom do you prefer?

*Amàm Harawi* wrote in reply:

O you asker of this question, if you see the truth, you are not to be excused for (putting) this interrogatory. After using proper discrimination in these two (following) conditions, there is no necessity for commenting thereon: One (*i. e., Zahir*) is a miracle and the other (mere) magic; one is light (itself) and the other (only) a lamp; one is a star and the other a moon (shining by borrowed light only); one is a *Huri* and the other a fairy (only).

Another has thus rejoined:

Every novice, who stupidly prefers the poetry of *Zahir* to the pure verses of *Anwari*, is of that class of men, who could not distinguish between the miracles of Moses and the magic of *Sàmeri*.

**20. Nazami Ganjvi.**—He came from *Ganjeh*. His excellences and perfections are more patent than the sun and need no observations. Nobody has attained that degree of elegance, which he has infused in his *Panj Ganj*, nay, it is not possible (or destined) to be attained by (any one of) the human race. Besides this book, little poetry of his has been recorded. The following *ghazal* is one of his compositions:

Every particle of my misery is from that wheat-coloured face, for, on account of it, all my straw-like (lean, withered and pale) face is bleeding. Her grain of wheat bears a fresh hyacinth for fruit; (and even) the most insignificant ear thereof is like (as beautiful as) the heavenly constellation of Virgo. I (who am impatient) could not enjoy its fruits, but *patience* did eat of its wheat; it is a paradise and a hasty, wandering eye cannnot find entrance into it. When I purchase a barley of musk (weighed) by means of the balance of her two ringlets, I shall expect a favour and more, for my verses are rythmical (well-balanced). I have become (pale) as wheat from her love, and my heart has been split (like it) into two. She cares one straw to know how *Nazàmi* is.

**21. Kamal-i-Isphehani.**—He is surnamed *Khallàq-ul-ma'àni* on account of the many poetical subtleties embodied by him in his verses; and what has become possible in his case (regarding his attainments in that department) has not been given to (fallen to the lot of) any poet, ancient or modern. But his excessive poetical subtleties and niceties of diction have led him away from simplicity and (elegant) flow (of verses). He has written many verses and his *diwàn* is well-known.

**22. Salman-i-Sawaji.**—He was an eloquent poet and a mighty versifier. He stands unrivalled in the elegance of his style and in his exquisite metaphors. He has composed *Qasayàd* in response to the very masters (of such poems), some of which are better than, and some equal to, the originals. He has introduced many idioms of his own. And in his poems he has borrowed idioms of masters of the art, especially of *Kamàl-i-Isphehàni*. And as they are employed by him in a beautiful form and an acceptable mode, he is not therefore censured or severely criticised for doing so.

A nice idiom is like a beloved of chaste form, that can be dressed in various costumes. The latest costume would be ignominious, if it were not more elegant than the former one, and there is skill in replacing a woollen garment by one made of satin and brocade.

He has written two books of *masnavi*, namely, *Jamshid* and *Khurshid*, and he has toiled so laboriously at them that he has stripped them of all the sweetness (which may be imparted therein by passion and love). Another of his poem, *Faràq Nàmeh*, is a novel one and the versification is elegant. His *ghazals* also are very charming and artistic. But as they are void of the sweetness of passion and love, which are the very subject-matters of a *ghazal*, they are not agreeable to the nature of connoisseurs. The following few verses are from his collection of short poems :

O heart ! How will you be able to fill the laps of your avarice by means of *tama'* (greediness), which is three letters with *hollows* in them ? O my friend ! Knock at the door of humility and contentment, because avarice begets misery, and contentment begets honour. It does not matter much if the foot of wealth slips : may the head of poverty and contentment remain safe !

**23. Mahmad A'ssar-i-Tabrizi.**—He is the author of the book of *Mehr-wa—mushtari*, and it embodies many elegancies and novel expressions.

The following few verses are from this book, descriptive of the beloved's *nose*:

Her nose is like a delineation, the very essence of elegance and beauty, drawn on a wild rose; the hand of Nature has, as it were, raised a silver pillar below those two arches stuffed with amber! Between the black and white shells, (*i.e.*, the eyes) and the ruby, (*i.e.*, the red lips) of that rose-bodied beloved, (it is like)an embossment from an ingot of pure silver! It is like a lily-flower yet unblossomed, sleeping between the jesamine, (*i.e.*, the white shining cheeks) and the tulip, (*i.e.*, the red lips)!

And the following *qata* is from his collection of poems:

O *A'ssàr*! Don't expect kindness from human nature, because never will a rose grow in a salt-marsh. Fidelity runs away from the figure of men void of virtue, as angels do from images. Upon the heads of these. Fate sifts nothing but the dust of treachery with the sieve of the sky. That one, whom you, out of love, wish greater good, strives more maliciously every time to take revenge upon you. That person, whom you harbour in your eyes like a tear, will shed your blood when it becomes possible for him (so to do).

**24. Shaikh Sa'di Shirazi.**—His name is *Mosalleh-ud-din*. He has adopted this name *Sa'di* as his *nom de plume* out of regard for his patron, (lit., the eulogised one, *Sa'ad bin Zangi*). He is the model (or cream) of *ghazalists*, and nobody before him strayed on the path of *ghazals*. His verses are agreeable to all classes of men; and one of the poets has thus said, and really, has bore the very gem of justice in thus saying:

In Poetry, three men have been prophets, notwithstanding the words of the Prophet that there will be "no prophet after me." *Ferdusi* in narrative poetry, *Anwari* in *qasideh* and *Sa'di* in *ghazal*.

**25. Khajeh Hafez-i-Shirazi.** Most of his verses are sweet and agreeable and some of them almost border upon the miraculous. His *ghazals*, when compared with (in relation to) those of others in point of simplicity and easy flow, are to

them what the *qasàyad* of *Zahir* are to the *qasàyad* of others; and the nature of his poetry approaches that of *Tarràzi-i-Qahastàni*, though in *Tarràzi's* verses, there are many defects and corruptions as contrasted with his verses. And when there are no signs of any labour manifest in his verses, he is called *lasàn-al-ghaib*, (*i.e.*, the divine tongue).

**26. Khaje Kamal-i-Khujandi.**—So much does he excel in poetic elegance and metaphysical subtleties, that more than that cannot be imagined. But hyperboles therein carried his poetry away from the limits of simplicity and stripped it of the sweetness of passion and love. He imitates *Hasn* of *Dehlvi* in proverbs and stories, in light metres and rare rhymes, which appear impracticable (at first sight), but are easy in execution. Yet, in the poetry of *Hasn* is not to be found that degree of poetic elegance which is found in his works; and it may be in consequence of this very imitation that he is styled *dozd-i-Hasn*, (*i.e.*, *Hasn's* plagiarist, lit., thief). This couplet is found in many *Diwàns*:

No one has caught me at the breach, (*i.e.*, red-handed in crime); it follows therefore that I am a clever (*husn*) robber.

Some connoisseurs, who enjoyed the society of this *Shaikh* and *Khàjeh Hàfez*, have thus opined that the company of the *Shaikh* was better than his poetry, while the poetry of *Hàfez* was better than his company.

**27. Amir Khosrav-i-Dehlvi.**—He is an exceptional poet, having composed *qasideh*, *ghazal* and *masnavi*, and carried them to perfection. He imitates *Khàqàni*, and though he cannot approach him in *qasideh*, yet he surpasses him in *ghazals*, and his *ghazals* have met with universal approbation, inasmuch as they contain familiar metaphysical subtleties, that are easily comprehended by Platonic lovers in proportion to their zeal and ecstasy. Nobody has composed better verses than he in response to the *Khamase-i-Nazàmi*, and besides these, he has composed other *masnaviha* also, all elegant and artistic.

**28. Khaje Hasn-i-Dehlvi.**—He has adopted a special method in writing *ghazals*, by selecting many narrow rhymes, rare *radifs*, and choice metres, to which much regard is paid in poems in general, and especially in *ghazals*. Consequently by

a combination of these, his verses have assumed such a garb that although, at first sight, they appear easy to the eye, yet they are hard to compose, wherefore his verses are spoken of as *Sahal-i-momtanà'*. *Khosro* was his contemporary, and they associated and entered into mirth with each other. Thus *Hasn* says: Let *Khosro* kindly accept what the humble *Hasn* says; as my words are not those of *Khosro*, the only words (fine poems) are those that I say.

29. **Khaje A'mad Faqiah.**—He came from *Kermàn*, and was a *Shaikh* and the head of a monastery. He recited his poems before all those, who would alight at (frequent) the monastery, and entreated them to correct his draft poems. Hence it is said that his poetry is the poetry of all the inhabitants of *Kermàn*.

30. **Khaju Kermani.**—He also comes from *Kermàn*. He strived much after verbal ornamentation and beauty of style, whence he is styled *Nakhlband-i-sho'rà*, (*i.e.*, the gardener of poets).

31. **Nasar.**—He is a *Bokhàri*, and one of the poets of Transoxiana, and in his verses is embodied the sweetness of Sufism.

32. **Khajeh U'smatallah.**—He is a *Bokhàri* and imitated the ghazals of *Khosro*.

33. **Basati.**—He comes from *Samarqand*, and his verses are not without sweetness. But he is quite destitute of any literary attainments, as is manifest from his verses.

34. **Khayali.**—Many of his verses are not void of mystic ecstasy; and the following two distichs are from his collection o poems:

O you, to the arrow of whose love the heart of lovers is the target, the people are wrapt in you and you are absent from their midst! Sometimes I retire into a temple, sometimes I reside in a mosque, meaning that I am seeking you from house to house.

35. **Azary Aspharai.**—He is one of the poets of *Khoràsàn*. In his verses there are many incoherent expressions. The following is from one of the approved beginning couplets of his poems:

It was night again: my eyes flooded the plain of lamentation: there came forth the deluge of tears and brought a night-attack on the army of sleep.

**36. Katabi.**—He is an inhabitant of *Nishàpur*. He has many poetic expressions peculiar to himself, and in the expression thereof too he has a very peculiar style. But his poetry has neither uniformity nor melody in it.

**37. Shahi.**—He is an inhabitant of *Sabzwàr*. His poetry is sweet, uniform and melodious, with a pure style and delicious matter.

**38. A'rafi.**—He comes from *Heràt* and is the author of the work *Gui-wa-Chawgàn*, and this is his best poem. The following few verses from that book are on the description of a *horse:*

When he would make a circuit like the sphere of the sky, he would jump like a ball from plain to plain. Every time that he was drowned in perspiration, he presented the picture of lightning in the midst of rain: sparks of fire escaped from his hoof, and boisterous wind closely followed his tail. Every nerve, that followed the ball, turned into a rolling ball, on account of his swiftness. Every time that he marched on to the battle-field, the zephyr lagged behind hundred times with the dust. He would traverse the mountain like a torrent, and pass over the sea like a hurricane.

**39. Amir Ali Sher.**—The lord of fortune, whose existence has graced our age.—How muchsoever his dignity,—looking to the ranks of honour and pomp and his nearness to the person of His Majesty, and judging his intrinsic virtue of civilities and devoirs, that are characteristic of and acquired by him,—is too high to demand praise for his elegant poems and poetic ingenuity, still, as his noble mind, on account of the acquisition of the virtue of politeness and humility, has condescended so far as to allow himself to be constrained into the class of poets, the latter have, therefore, been bold enough to raise the curtain, that separated them from him and forbade them to reckon his name as belonging to their class. But justice demands that his name ought to head the list of poets, wherever their names are taken, and that his name ought to stand first wherever the names of this class, (*i.e.*, poets), are written.

And as the essence of his name is too noble to be placed in (contained by) every versification, and to grace each and every verse, his *nom de plume* can be known from the following other enigma, that embodies the name of *Nawàí*.

He, whose name no one can discover amongst poetical names, has left a *note* only of himself on our lips.

Although, on account of his powerful genius and versatile talents, both kinds of poetry, Turkish and Persian, were amenable to him, yet he was, by nature, inclined more to the former, and there are no less than 10,000 *ghazals* composed by him in that language. His *masnavíát*, which have stood comparison with the *Khamaseh* of *Nazámi*, nearly amount to 30,000 verses; and verily, nobody has composed verses in that language superior to his in quality or in quantity, or bore the jewel of poetry like him. Of his collection of Persian poems, there is a *qasideh* in response to that of *Khosrav-i-Dehlvi*, denominated as *Daryà-i-Abràr*, and it embodies many minute subtleties and beautiful imageries. Tho following is the opening distich:

That fiery-red ruby, which is an ornament for the crown of sovereigns, is but a spark for cherishing, (lit., cooking), idle fancies in the head.

The following *rubà'i* was written in a congratulatory epistle in honour of the arrival of some persons, returning from their journey to *Hajjàj*.

O azure—hued sky! Judge which of these two (appear to) walk more pompously: your world—illuminating Sun from the side of the East, or my world-revolving moon from the side of the West (Mecca)?

And the following *rubà'i* also:

This epistle is not a mere epistle: it is the curer of my pains: it is the comforter of my heart, that has grown familiar with pains. It is a cooling appliance to my warm heart and to my cold breath, meaning, it is the *news* from my world—revolving moon.

And, by way of renewal, he added the following more verses in that epistle:

When I am present (with you) I speak and gossip with you, and seek and search for you in my travels. At the time of that presence, I have my *face* turned towards yours: and when I am away from you, I have the *face of my heart* turned towards you!

## NOTES ON THE SEVENTH GARDEN.

Page 83. The last sentence on this page means that God did not wish to condemn poetry, when he said that the *Qoràn* was not the discourse of a poet. In answer to the infidels, who said that the *Qoràn* was a mere poetic composition, we find in Chapter XXXVI of the *Qoràn*: "We have not taught Mahomed the art of poetry; nor is it expedient for him to be a poet. This book is no other than an admonition *from God*, and a perspicuous *Qoràn*."

*Al Qoràn*.—It is derived from *qara*, reading, and is said to be so named from the word occurring in the beginning of the 96th chapter, which is supposed to be the very first piece of revelation received by Mahomed. The passage runs as follows: "*Read* in the name of thy Lord, who hath created all things: .....*Read* by the most beneficent Lord, who taught thee the use of the pen; who teacheth man that which he knoweth not &c." Some refuse to believe that this was the first revelation, and say that *Al Qoràn* means *the reading*, or *that which ought to be read*. The *Qoràn* has got many other names such as *Al-ketàb*, *Al-furkàn*, [*i.e.*, the distinguisher (between right and wrong)], *Ketàb-i-mujid*, *Kalàm-i-Allàh*, &c., and the epithet generally suffixed to it is *al-sharif*.

The *Qoràn* is divided into 114 *sawara* or chapters, each *surat* or chapter containing *àyàt* or verses, of which there are 6666 in number. An *àyat* literally means a mark or wonder, each verse being regarded as a miracle. It is said that the *Qoràn* admits of many different interpretations. Commentators have divided the contents of the *Qoràn* into *Zàhir* and *Khafi*, that is, literal and allegorical, the former comprising such verses as are plain and unambiguous, the latter comprising those that are obscure and metaphorical, parabolical, &c.

"The *Qoràn* is universally allowed to be written with the utmost elegance and purity of language, in the dialect of *Qoreish*, to which Mahomed belonged,—the most noble and polite among all Arab tribes,—though with some admixture of other dialects. It is confessedly the standard of the Arabic tongue, inimitable by any human pen, and therefore a miracle strong enough to convince the world of its divine origin. The

style of the *Qoràn* is beautiful and fluent, concise though sometimes obscure; and though written in prose, the sentences generally conclude in a long continued rhyme." The great doctrine of the *Qoràn* is the unity of God: the rest of it is taken up in giving necessary laws and directions. The theoretical part of the Mahomedan Religion is contained in six articles of belief: (1) Belief in the Unity of God. (2) Belief in his angels. (3) Belief in his scriptures. (4) Belief in his prophets. (5) Belief in the day of judgment. (6) Belief in predestination. The practical part involves five commandments: (1) Repeating the dogma of faith. (2) Prayers. (3) Alms. (4) Fasting. (5) Pilgrimage.

The revelations were not digested into any method by Mahomed himself. This was done after his death, by the third Khalif *Usmàn*, who is thus regarded as the real compiler of the *Qoràn*. The *Qoràn* has been held in such reverence up to this day, that no Mahomedan will touch it without being first legally purified. He reads it with great care and respect, never holding it below his girdle. He swears by it, consults it on all weighty occasions, and writes its verses on the paper and wears them as amulets.

*Tasbih wa Tahlil. Tasbih*, from *sabaha* he praised, means praising. *Sebha*, a rosary, consists of 100 beads and is used to count the 99 attributes of God together with the essential name *Allàh*. The use of rosaries is common among the Christians as well as Parsees and Brahmins. *Tasbih* is also used for counting the ejaculatory prayers *Subhàn Allàh*, "God is Holy," and sometimes other formulæ such as *Hamd Allàh*, "God be praised," *Allàhoo Akabar*, "God is Great," &c. *Tahlil* is the ejaculatory prayer *Làilàhà illallàh*, "There is no God but God."

*Nargas* is used for the eyes of the beloved, every blandishment from which unsettles even the firmest lover. To speak of the eyes of the beloved as *nargas-i-makhmur* (intoxicated narcissus) is a greater compliment; so also to speak of them as *nargas-i-nimkhàb*, drowsy or drooping narcissus, the figure being borrowed from the drooping posture in which this flower grows. Narcissus is a beautiful flower. It is said that Narcissus was a beautiful youth, who, seeing his own image in water, fell in love with it, and jumping into the water, was drowned and afterwards turned into a flower, which was thenceforth called after him. Persian poets are very fond of describing

the beauties of their beloved by means of comparing them with beautiful flowers of various appropriate colours; thus, the red lips of the beloved are compared to a red *làle*, tulip; hyacinths (*sambale*) to her black hair, ringlets or the down on her cheeks; violets (*banafshe*), to the delicate hair on the chin-pit; jesamines (*yàsmin*), to her white shining cheeks, fenugreek (*shamba-lid*), saffron (*zàfràn*) and dry yellow grass (*kàh*) being applied to the pale and yellow cheeks of the lover. Her tall stature is compared to the staight cypress, and her ever-blooming face to the ever-green leaves of this tree. The tulip again has a cup-like shape, and has a black spot at its bottom. Hence, it is sometimes compared to a cup of brilliant wine, when the morning dew deposits itself upon it, and sometimes it is compared to a wretched lover, on account of the black spot, which is regarded as a brand of separation on the heart. It is sometimes compared to an envious person, on whose heart there is always a brand. The lily (*susan*), on account of its peculiar shape, is called *dehzabàn*, and a loquacious person is compared to it. The anemone (*shaqàyaq*) is a very red flower from which, some say, opium is obtained. It is full of leaves and hence called *sadpar*, and an eloquent or clamorous person is compared to it. *Bid-i-mushk* is the musky willow with yellow flowers. Perfume is extracted from it, and as it shakes at the slightest gust of wind, the trembling lover is compared to it. The coxcomb (*arghawàn*), which is a very red flower, is compared to the bleeding heart of a lover. The *banafshe* or violet grows in very retired places, and also grows very low. This low growth is fantastically accounted for as arising from melancholy, caused by disappointed love, which drives it to solitude, and makes its head hang down with shame and weeping.

*Diwàn*, from *dawn* to collect, means a collection of odes and other poems in the form of a book, the odes being arranged in the alphabetical order of rhyme.

*Ghazal* literally means 'making love with women or entering into amorous conversation with them,' and is a species of poetic composition, its chief differentiating characteristic being the subject-matter of love,—the miseries of the neglected lover, the beauty of the beloved, the notes of nightingales, the delights of spring, the joys of wine; complaints against the oppression and whims of the world, the instability of wordly joys and possessions and the shortness of mortal life,—all expressed in fantastic and beautiful language full of similes and metaphors, and abounding

with mythical and historical allusions. This is strictly the domain of a Ghazal, but the poet generally intersperses his odes with lines relating to incidents of his own life and with references to contemporay events, inculcates moral precepts in some places, and occasionally casts bitter sarcasms at vice and hypocrisy, which are the pests of mankind at all times and in all places. Also many of the odes contain some Sufistic doctrine or its interpretation, and the poet expresses the state of his own mind in relation to certain religious tenets. Another characteristic of a ghazal is that it contains at the most seventeen distichs or couplets, and at the least five. The first is called *matla'* or beginning; and the last, which generally contains the *takhallus* or pseudonym of the poet, is called *makta'* or end. Also the metre of all the distichs of an ode is the same, and the ryhme of the two hemistichs of the first distich is the same as the rhyme of the second hemistich of every following distich in that ode. A third peculiarity of a ghazal is that each distich contains one single thought, which is seldom carried over to the next distich. But in spite of this, each ghazal as a whole can be distinguished from another without much difficulty, because, generally speaking, each ghazal as a whole has a distinct tone of its own.

According to the ancient Mahomedan geographers, the Earth (*khàk*) is surrounded by water (*àb*), the water by wind (*bàd*), and the wind by ether (*athir*). The first planet revolving round the Earth is the Moon (*màh, qamar*); round the Moon revolves Mercury (*tir, u'tàrad*); round Mercury, Venus (*nàhul, zohre*); round Venus, the Sun (*àftàb, shams*); round the Sun, Mars (*behràm, murikh*); round Mars, Jupiter (*barjis, mushtari*); round Jupiter, Saturn (*Kaiwàn, zohl*); round Saturn, the Bull (*sawar*); and round the Bull, the *falak-i-aflàk*, the highest sphere, which encloses the other eight. These nine spheres are called *noh falak*. The *falak-i-aflàk* contains the throne of God, called *a'rsh-i-falak*, the Heavenly Chair. This chair is composed of a thousand pillars, each pillar at a distance of 3 millions of miles apart. The *falak-i-aflàk* is also called *falak-i-atlas*, (the bare-headed sphere), as there are no stars in its firmament. Each of the spheres above-mentioned exercises its influence on a corresponding part of the earth, which is hence divided into 7 climes, *haft aqlim*. Thus Saturn rules over India; Jupiter, over China and Khata; Mars, over Eastern Turkistan; the Sun, over Mesopotamia and Khurasan; Venus, over Trans Oxiana; Mercury, over Turkey-in-Europe; the Moon, over the hyperborean regions. On account of its swiftness, Mercury is chosen

as the secretary and the messenger of the heavens, (*dabir-i-falak*, or *munshi-i-falak* and *paik i-falak*); Jupiter is the Judge(*Kazi*), and Saturn is the oldest (*pir*). The influence of Venus and Jupiter is considered auspicious (*sa'd*); Jupiter is called *sa'd-i-akbar* and Venus is called *sa'd-i-asghar*. Saturn and Mars exercise a very inauspicious (*nahs*) influence; Saturn is called *nahs-i-akbar* and Mars is called *nahs-i-asghar*. The influence of Mercury is sometimes auspicious and sometimes inauspicious, and so it is called a hypocrite (*durang*).

It is supposed that the world has already passed under the sway of eight heavenly spheres, each sphere having exercised its sway for 9000 years, and that it is now under the sway of the moon (*dawr-i-qamar*). According to this calculation, the world will be annihilated soon after the 9000 years of the moon's sway are over.

# THE EIGHTH GARDEN.

*Some Stories Describing the Conditions of Mute Animals, Parables whereof are put down by Wise and Witty Men, so that, by the Singularities and Strangeness (lit., rarity) thereof, they may be Acceptable to the Human Temperament, and the Doors of Intelligence, Wisdom and Benevolence may be opened upon it.*

Have you not marked that an intelligent man, (lit., a critic), makes bitter medicines sweet by sugar, so that by that device he may remove long-standing suffering and pain from the body of the patient?

I. A fox boasted of the company of a wolf and courted his friendship. They passed by a garden, the gate whereof was fastened and the wall was quite thorny. They walked round it till they came to a hole, wide enough for the fox (to creep in), but too narrow for the wolf. The fox passed in easily, but the wolf, with enormous difficulty. (There) they saw grapes and varieties of fruits. The fox being shrewd looked out attentively for a passage to get out (in case of trouble), while the silly wolf ate as much as he could. Suddenly, the gardener becoming aware (of this), took up a rod and turned towards them. The slender-waisted fox immediately got out of the hole, but the big-bellied wolf stuck fast there; and the gardener, coming up to him, raised his rod and beat him so much that, when he effected his escape from that narrow passage, he was as much dead as alive, the skin all torn and the hair all plucked out.

O rich man, do not be bold on account of your gold, because, in the end, you will pass away helpless! Your abundant wealth and comfort have fattened you: think as to how you will depart.

II. A scorpion, with harmful poison in his sting like an arrow in a quiver, resolved to go on a journey. Suddenly he reached the bank of a river. Here he remained paralyzed, having no power to advance, no sense to retreat. A tortoise, having noted this his condition, took pity upon him, mounted him on his own back, plunged himself into the water, and began to swim to the opposite bank. In the meantime some sound fell on his ears, as if the scorpion was striking something on his back. On inquiring as to what that sound was, he was thus told: This is the sound of my own sting on your back. However much I know that it will produce no effect thereon, I cannot forsake my habit, as is said:

The scorpion stings not out of any rancour: such is the impulse, (lit., requirement), of his nature.

The tortoise said to himself: Nothing is better than this, that I should liberate this ill-natured creature from this ugly habit, and preserve good-natured persons from his harm. Then he dived into the water, and the scorpion was carried away by the waves, (and disappeared) as if he had never existed.

For every oppressor, who, in this pavilion of evil and sedition, takes pride in performing a hundred tricks, nothing is better than this, that he should be drowned into the wave of annihilation, (so that) he may be liberated from his (own) evil nature and the people may be rescued from him.

III. A mouse lived for some years in the shop of a rich grocer, and ate his dry sweetmeats and fresh fruits. The grocer used to see this but connived at it; and refrained from retaliating upon him, till one day, according to what they have said:

When the stomach of a vile low person is satiated, he is emboldened to do a thousand (wanton) acts of mischief and sedition,

his avarice impelled him to gnaw the gentleman's purse, and he carried into his hole whatever there was of red and white (coins) therein. When the gentleman put his hand into the bag at the time of need, he found it empty like the bag of beggars, or like the stomach of hungry persons. He discovered that it was the work of the mouse. He lay in ambush like the cat, and catching him, tied a long string to one of his legs and left him alone, so that he entered his hole, the depth whereof was ascertained in proportion to the string (that went into the hole). He followed the mouse in order to dig up the hole, which he did. When he reached the actual dwelling-place of the mouse,

he found it like a banker's shop, gold and silver heaped together and *dinârs* and *derems* all jumbled up. He brought out his own money and took possession of it, while the mouse was brought out and left into the claws of a cat, where he met that reward and received that retribution for ingratitude, which he did meet and obtain.

If the avaricious of the world are excited and seditious, happy is the heart of the contented, which is free from all sort of mischief and sedition. There is good fortune and happiness in glorious contentment: there is no joy in greediness, though there is headache therein.

IV. A fox was standing at the end of a road and casting watchful glances on the right and left. Suddenly he perceived a black mass at a distance, and, when he approached it, he found that a rapacious wolf and a big dog were travelling together, seemingly like sincere friends and agreeable companions. Neither the former suspected any treachery from the latter, nor did the latter apprehend any harm from the former. The fox ran nearer, saluted them, and, having fulfilled the dues of veneration, said: God be praised that long-standing hostility has been changed into fresh love, and old enmity has been exchanged for new amity. But I wish to ascertain the reason of this your tranquillity, and should like to know what the cause of this confidence is. The dog replied: Our confidence arises from enmity with the shepherd. The enmity of the *wolf* with the shepherd needs no description, (lit., is independent of any necessity for description), and the reason of *my* enmity with him is this, that yesterday this wolf, the good fortune of whose friendship I have got to-day, attacked our flock and carried away one sheep. As was my habit, I ran after him in order to snatch back that sheep from him, and reached him. When I came back, the shepherd raised forth his stick and punished me without reason. I likewise broke the chain of friendship from him and joined my ancient foe.

Be friendly with your foe in such a way that he may never scratch your skin with the sword of enmity. Do not enter into such hostility with your friend, that he may become friendly with your foe against your will.

V. One asked a fox: Can you, by accepting a hundred *derems*, carry a message to the dogs of the village? He replied: By God! Although the reward is ample, there is danger to life in this undertaking.

To expect a gift of liberality from a vile fellow is to launch the ship of life into the waves of the deep sea of disappointment. To humiliate oneself before the foe for the sake of dignity and riches is to throw oneself into the whirlpool of danger to life. [*Note.* The river *Nile*, on account of the fertility that it causes in Egypt, is sometimes used synonymously with *liberality*.]

VI. A camel was browsing in a desert and feeding upon its thorns and thistles. He came to a bramble, entangled like the ringlets of the beloved, and blooming and sweet like the face of the beautiful. As he stretched forth the neck of greediness in order to partake of it, he saw that a viper had coiled therein and had brought its head and tail together. He retreated therefore and abandoned his desire, whereupon the bramble thought that this abstinence from itself had resulted from (the fear of) the wound that might be caused by its sharp point, and the recoiling from itself was on account of its sharp teeth. The camel comprehended this and observed: My apprehension arose from this guest (viper) which is concealed, and not from this known host, and what I dread is the sting of the serpent's mouth and not the wound of this abode of thorn. But for this guest's presence, I should have (by this time) devoured the host in one morsel.

If a noble man dreads a vile fellow, there is nothing strange in it, for what he dreads is not his hair and bone, (*i. e.*, his externals), but his evil nature. He, who lays not his foot in the midst of ashes, is surely afraid of the hidden fire therein.

VII. A hungry dog, (lit., one disappointed of any share in food), reached the gates of a city and was standing there, when he saw that a round loaf of bread came rolling out of the city and turned towards the desert. The dog ran after it and shouted: O food for my body and my strength of life! And O you desire of my heart and comforter of my soul! Where do you intend to go, and what place are you turning to? The loaf replied: I have acquaintance with a company of the chieftains of wolves and tigers, and I intend to visit them, (lit., have put on the garments of pilgrimage), whereupon the dog observed: Do not frighten me; I shall pursue you even if you go into the (very) jaws of the crocodile, or the mouth of a lion or tiger, and I am not going to leave you (under any circumstance).

I am that one, who will never abandon your love during his whole life: even if you go round the whole world, I shall ever be restless in your search and pursuit.

Those, whose soul is not alive by anything except bread, serve vile fellows for the sake of bread. Even if, for example, they receive a hundred slaps at the hands of low persons, still they will go after them for bread like a hungry dog.

VIII. They asked a crab: Why are you so deformed a creature, and why do you walk in so crooked a gait? He replied: I have gained experience from the (fate of the) serpent, who, on account of his straightness (of stature) and walking straight, has his head always knocked by the stone of oppression, or has his tail cut with the strokes of tyranny.

Wherever a fairy shows herself in her own form, they hug her close like life: (but) wherever she appears in a straight form like a serpent, hard-hearted people strike her from a distance with sticks and stones. [*Note.* It is a superstition that beautiful serpents are only fairies in disguise.]

IX. A frog was separated from his spouse, and the affliction of widowerhood dragged him near the shore of the sea. He was looking on all sides, when suddenly,

he saw a fish in the midst of the water, as quick-going as the running stream. Her scissors-like fins, in that silvery mass (of water), cut into two the plain silk of the watery surface. She was inclined to skip from right to left, or appeared like the bright crescent now waning, now waxing.

When the frog saw her, his heart drew him towards her love. He related to her the story of his widowerhood, and asked her to be his associate. Upon this, the fish replied: Congeniality is requisite for association, and an incongenial companion is unfit for company. What congeniality can exist between you and me, and what company (can I enjoy) with one like you? My place is in the depth of the sea, while you reside on the bank sides: my mouth is dumb, while your tongue is full of chatter: you have an ugly face, which shields you from calamity, whoever looks at you does not wish to sit with you, while I have beauty of face, which is a source of fear and danger: whoever illumines his vision by (looking at) my beauty, provokes the eye of his ambition for my union: the birds of the sky are desirous of me, and the beasts of the desert are plunged into excessive love for me: fishermen are in my search with a thousand eyes like a net, and sometimes they bend down like a bow under the weight of desire for me.

Saying this she took her way into the depth of the ocean, leaving the frog alone on the shore.

Associate with such a one, who is congenial to you, (lit., one with you in essence); congeniality, (lit., unity of essence), is the bond which unites companions. If an intelligent person reasons upon the way in which one kind (genus) is associated with another, he will find that one will be like the union of water and oil, (*i. e.*, a very repugnant combination), while another will be like milk and sugar, (*i. e.*, a very harmonious one).

X. They asked a dove: How is it that you bring forth not more than two young ones, and are not able to produce more like a tame fowl? The dove replied: The young one of the dove is fed from the stomach of its parents, whereas the chicken of a tame fowl feeds from a dunghill (lying) on every road. One stomach of the dove cannot feed more than two young ones, though, from half a dunghill, the door of maintenance of a thousand chickens may be opened in a day.

If you wish to live upon a legitimate morsel, produce not a numerous family, since you know that in this narrow house, (*i.e.*, the world), much of the lawful cannot be attained, (*i. e.*, much cannot be generally obtained except by unlawful means).

XI. A sparrow vacated her ancestral abode, and took up residence in the cleft of a mill-hopper's nest. They asked her: With what propriety have you, with such a despicable body, become the neighbour of such a big bird, and rendered yourself his equal regarding the place of abode and the position of locality? She replied: I too know all this, but I cannot act up to my knowledge. In the neighbourhood of my (old) abode there is a snake, who, whenever I beget young ones every year and bring them up with the blood of my heart, all on a sudden invades my house, and makes my young ones his food. This year I have fled away from him, and sheltered myself under the skirt of the good fortune of this great one. I hope that he may take vengeance on him for wrongs done to me. And just as every year he has made my young ones his food, in a similar manner, may this mill-hopper this year make him and his young ones his own food.

When the fox is in the desert of (*i. e.*, inhabited by) the lion, he is safe from the hurt and claws of the wolf. That person is safe from the inequity of petty persons, who takes up his abode in the neighbourhood of the great.

XII. They asked a dog: How is it that a mendicant cannot pass round any house where you are? He replied: I am without any avarice and greediness and known for my want of avarice and for contentment. I am content with crumbs of bread falling from the table and happy with dry bones of roasted meat. But the mendicant is the very stock of avarice and greediness: he pretends hunger and never acknowledges satiety. Though there is (full) one week's bread in his leather-bag, yet his tongue is ever moving in quest of Sunday's bread: *ten day's food* hangs on his back and (yet) the *mendicant's* staff is (ever) held in his fist. Contentment is a stranger to avarice and greediness, and a contented person has disgust towards the greedy and avaricious.

Whatever of greed and avarice there may be, their hands are fettered in every heart, where the nobility of contentment puts its foot. Wherever contentment exhibits its wares, the market of greed and the show-place of covetousness become dull.

XIII. The young one of a fox said to its mother: Teach me a trick as to how to effect my escape, when I grow helpless owing to the close pursuit of the dog. She replied: (For this) there are many stratagems, but the best of them is to confine yourself in your house, so that he may neither see you, nor may you see him.

When a vile fellow becomes your enemy, it is not wise to invent tricks and contrivances in hostilities against him. Though a thousand stratagems may be available, yet the best of all is to avoid peace as well as war with him.

XIX. A red wasp attacked a honey-bee in order to make her his food. She began to weep and said: In the presence of all this pure honey and sweet beverage, what worth have I that you should leave those and be inclined to me. The wasp replied: If that is honey, you are the mine thereof: if that is sweet beverage, you are the fountain thereof.

Happy is that man of reality, who turns away from messages and compliments (mere formalities), and goes direct towards the (very) fountain of union. When the main trunk becomes manifest from behind the veil of branches, he leaves the branches and turns towards the main trunk. [*Note.* Happy is the man, who turns towards the very Essence of Divinity, and not towards the outward manifestations thereof.]

XV. They saw an ant, who had girt up the loins of bravery, and was carrying a locust ten times her own weight. Out of surprise they said: Look at this ant! How she drags such a heavy weight in spite of her debility! When the ant heard these words, she laughed and said: Men have dragged loads by the strength of their spirit and the arms of their self-repose, not by physical strength and enormity of bodily vigour.

That weight, at which the heaven and the earth shy, cannot be carried without much difficulty, if lifted with the aid of the body and soul (only). Strengthen your *spirit* by means of the help of the travellers of Love, because this weight (of Love) can be carried (only) by the strength of a lofty spirit. [*Note.* This refers to the theory of *amânat.*]

XVI. A camel was browsing in a forest, dragging his bridle along with his feet, when a mouse came up to him, and seeing him without a master, he was led by his greed to take hold of that bridle, with which he turned towards his hole. The camel also followed him, (lit., acted in concord), inasmuch as he has been, by nature, designed for obedience, and as there is an inherent absence of (any spirit of) resistance and contumacy in his temperament. When he reached the house of the mouse, he saw a hole extremely narrow, upon which he exclaimed: O you cherisher of impossibilities, what is this that you have done? Your hole is so small and my body so big: and neither can your house be bigger than this, nor can my body be smaller. How can we associate with each other, and how can company with each other be possible?

How will you travel over the narrow path of death in such a condition, as I see you followed by camel-loads of baggages of greediness and avarice? Diminish your luggage, for there is no room for such loads of luggages in the narrow lane of death.

XVII * * * * *

When a mean person, possessed of a thousand shameful defects patent to the world day and night, sees (even) a small blemish in a great person, he breathes nothing but taunts and execrations. The former turns his whole body into a tongue to describe the defects of the latter, while the latter never pollutes his tongue by making a mention of the former.

XVIII. A bullock was the chief of his herd, and celebrated among the bullocks for the strength of his horns. When-

ever a wolf assaulted them, he used to avert the calamity from them by means of the gores of his horns. Suddenly the hand of accident overpowered him and a misfortune overtook his horns. Ever since that time, whenever he saw a wolf, he crept under the protection of the other bullocks. When he was questioned as to the reason thereof, he replied :

Ever since that day, when I was deprived of my horns, the battle-field of bravery has become dull on me. It is an ancient proverb that, on the day of battle, the stroke is from the *dagger*, and strength of arm from man.

XIX. A camel and a donkey were travelling together. They reached the banks of a large river, and the camel stepped in first. When he reached the middle of the river, the water came up (only) to his belly, upon which he called the donkey and told him that the water was only as high as his belly. (Upon this) the latter observed : You speak the truth, but there is a difference between one belly and another. The water, which only reaches your belly, will overflow my back !

O brother ! Nobody knows you better than your own self: do not regard yourself higher than what you are, even by one hair-breadth. If a foolish person puts you in a higher position than what your real worth deserves, *you* know your own worth, and do not overstep your limit.

XX. A peacock and a crow reached together the court-yard of a garden, and discovered the merits and demerits of each other. The peacock thus addressed the crow : These red boots, that are on your feet, are fit for my gold-embroidered silk and variegated brocade! Verily, at the time when we (pea-cocks) came into being, from the dark night of non-existence into the bright day-light, we committed a mistake in putting on our boots. (By mistake) we put on your (crows') black boots of untanned leather, and you put on our red boots of perfumed goat's leather. The crow observed : The case is quite the contrary. If there is any mistake, it is in our respective *dresses*, (and not boots . None of your clothes are in harmony with your boots, and most probably, in that drowsiness (when we (crows) just awoke from the sleep of non-existence), you put forth your head out of our collar and we out of yours. In their vicinity, a tortoise, who had thrust his head into the collar of contemplation and was listening to that conversation and altercation, now raised his head (and said) : O intimate friends and discriminate companions ! Leave aside this futile altercation, and put an end to this frivolous conversation.

God the Highest has not placed into the hands of any *one* man the rein of *all* desires. There is no individual not endowed with a peculiarity with which others are not endwed, nor is there an individual not possessed of some intrinsic worth, which others do not possess, and every person ought to be happy with what God has given him, and glad with what he has got.

It is not the character of the wise to bear envy towards the condition of others. Take care! Do not deviate from the mode of the wise. Covetousness by man is, like envy, a source of misery; cut off this greed from your nature, so that you may not be miserable.

XXI. A fox was entrapped into the claws of a hyena, who tightened the teeth of greediness upon him. The fox raised a complaint and said: O you lion of the plain of power, and O you tiger of the topmost exaltation! Pardon me on account of my weakness and infirmity. I am only a handful of hair and bone. Open these very intricate fetters from my world-travelling foot. What will you gain by eating me, and what will come out of harassing me? However many words of this kind he spoke, they had no effect, whereupon he continued:

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When the hyena heard this *abusive speech*, the fire of jealousy began to burn in him, and opening his mouth he said: What absurd words are these? How and where did this event happen? No sooner did he open his mouth than the fox ran away.

When you do not obtain salvation from the fight with your enemy by means of sweet words, it is better to open the tongue of unpleasant words. When the lock of a house cannot be opened with gentleness, it will be better to be inclined to (hit it with) a stone in order to break it open.

XXII. A fox caught a cock in his early morning nap. He raised a complaint and cried: I am the intimate of the wakeful, and the crier of those who are awake at night, (*i. e.*, of pious persons, who pray at night). Cease from killing me, and do not shed my blood with the sword of inequity.

Why do you quarrel with me without any reason, thus desiring to shed my innocent blood?

The fox said: I am not so (strongly) resolved to slay you, as not to refrain therefrom by any means. I resign my choice in this matter and leave *you* the election in the circumstance. If you wish, I may slay you with (only) one blow of my claws, and, if

you wish, I may devour you morsel by morsel.

If a wicked person overtakes you by his sedition and tumult, do not avert these except by means of a wise stratagem. Do not tread the path of salvation by means of supplication, because, if you thereby escape from evil, worse will come forth.

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It so occurred in the (author's) heart and so passed in his mind, that this book should not terminate so briefly, and that the pen should not (so soon) rest from moving in order to evolve its aims, (*i.e.*, accomplishing the object); but as the mirror of the *author's* genius was obscured by the rust of ennui, and was not furbished with the polish of truth of the hearer's inclination, on this consideration, the work is cut short (here).

Spread out, O *Jàmi*, the carpet of discourse, because a better carpet than this there is none! But sit quiet and do not breathe, if the mind derives no delight therefrom. Even the pleasure of *your* mind is not sufficient, (*i. e.*, is not a sufficient reason to proceed), if there is no (reciprocal) delight created in the *hearer*.

And whatever of the species of poetry is recorded, and whatever is attributed to the poet, is the offspring of the genius of the writer of this book, and the result of the contemplation of the narrator of this discourse.

Wherever *Jàmi* adorned any *belles lettres*, (*i. e.*, made any contribution to polite literature), he did not plagiarise anything from any man's composition. It behoves not the man, who has his shop full of the wares of his own manufacture, (lit., art), to be the factor of the wares of other persons.

It is hoped from the excellence of the readers' morals that when they become aware of any defect, they should cover it with the skirt of pardon and connivance, and not endeavour to expose it with the tongue, that speaks of the faults and defects of others.

If you detect any fault in your friend, it is better if you do not reveal it to strangers; because, according to the principle of the far-seeing, fault-concealing is better than fault-finding.

*Qatà* on the date of the book and on the cutting of the rope and packing up of the materials (of this discourse):

The trotting and ambling of the pen (used) for this rare production, on which *Jami* has tried his genius, terminated when the *Hijri* date would be nine hundred, if eight were added thereto, (*i.e.*, 892 A. H.).

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